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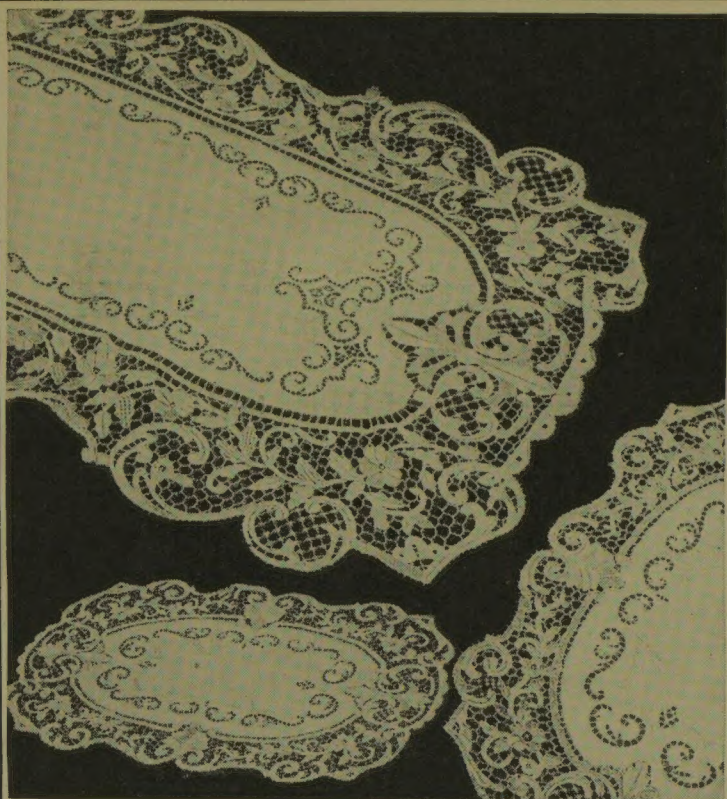
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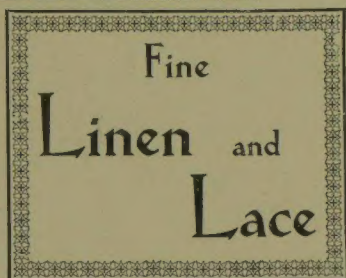




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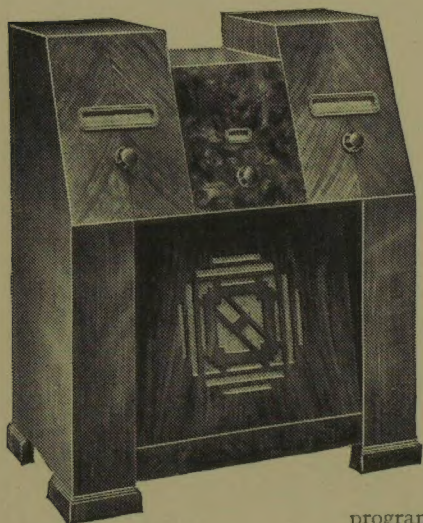
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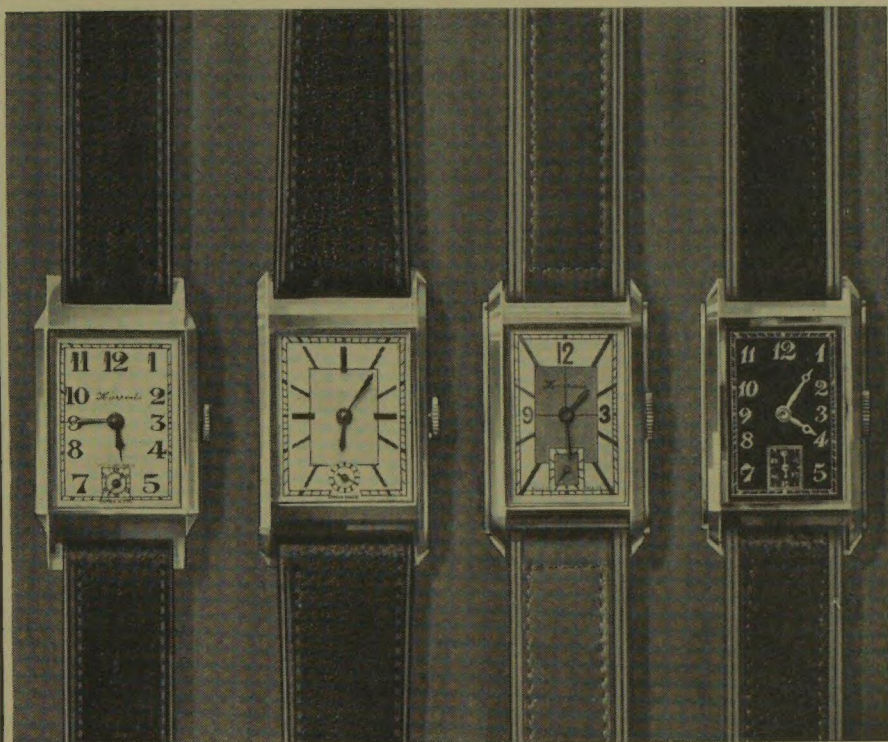
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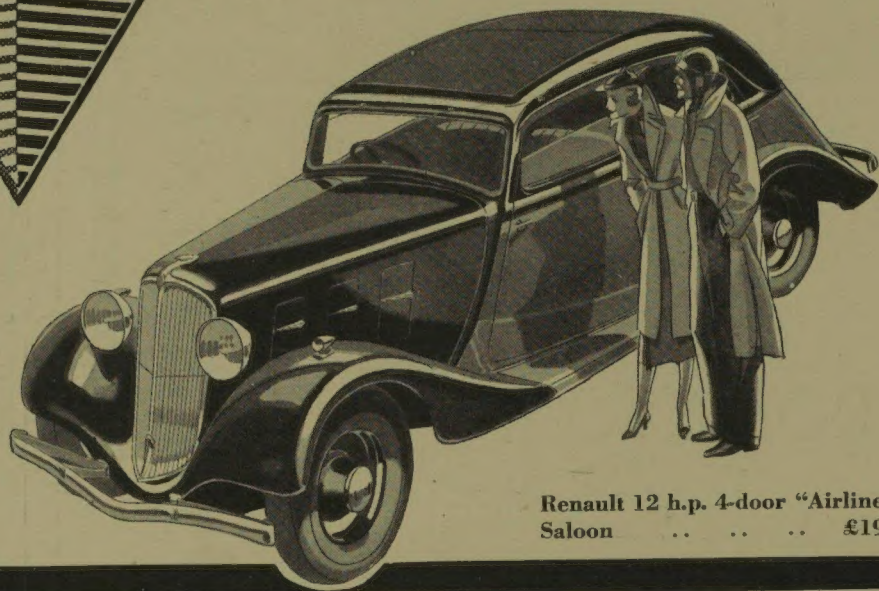
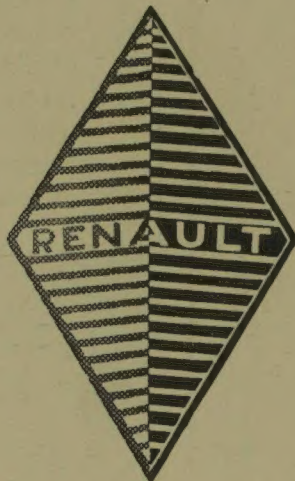
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1934.



**THE KING AT THE CUP FINAL: HIS MAJESTY PRESENTING THE CUP TO COWAN, CAPTAIN OF THE WINNING MANCHESTER CITY TEAM, WITH SIR FREDERICK WALL, BARE-HEADED, IN THE BACKGROUND.**

His Majesty honoured with his presence the F.A. Cup Final at Wembley Stadium on April 28; and a crowd of more than 93,000 enthusiasts, many of whom had come up from Lancashire and other parts of the country, had the additional opportunity of welcoming the Australian cricket team and of acclaiming Sir Frederick Wall, who is retiring from the secretaryship of the Football Association, having held the post since 1895. A match of unusual interest and excitement

ended in a win for Manchester City over Portsmouth by two goals to one. With seventeen minutes to go, Portsmouth were leading by one goal to nothing, but Manchester then scored twice, their second goal coming amid intense excitement only three minutes from the end. Eight of the Manchester team had played in the Cup Final last year, when Manchester lost to Everton, and six of the Portsmouth team had been on the losing side in the Final of 1929.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

INTERNATIONAL idealists often remind us that we must love our enemies; perhaps no unwise course now that our broadminded and flexible statesmanship has left us hardly anybody except enemies to love. But those who use the phrase use it with a certain vague authority, a tone which is generally produced by invoking very solemnly an authority in which you do not believe. Certainly I, for one, shall say no more here about the sacred origin of that command; but I am disposed to remark that those who use it thus often seem to suffer from a certain unreality in the use of the words. Generally, when they speak of an enemy, they do not mean an enemy, but, rather, one whom they maintain could as easily be a friend. They only mean somebody with whom somebody else wants to go to war, and with whom they themselves (perhaps quite sensibly) do not want to go to war—a much more trivial matter. They know nothing about hatred; nothing of the greatness or the apparent justice of hatred; nothing of the human sin that has really made men enemies. But, above all, they know nothing whatever about love.

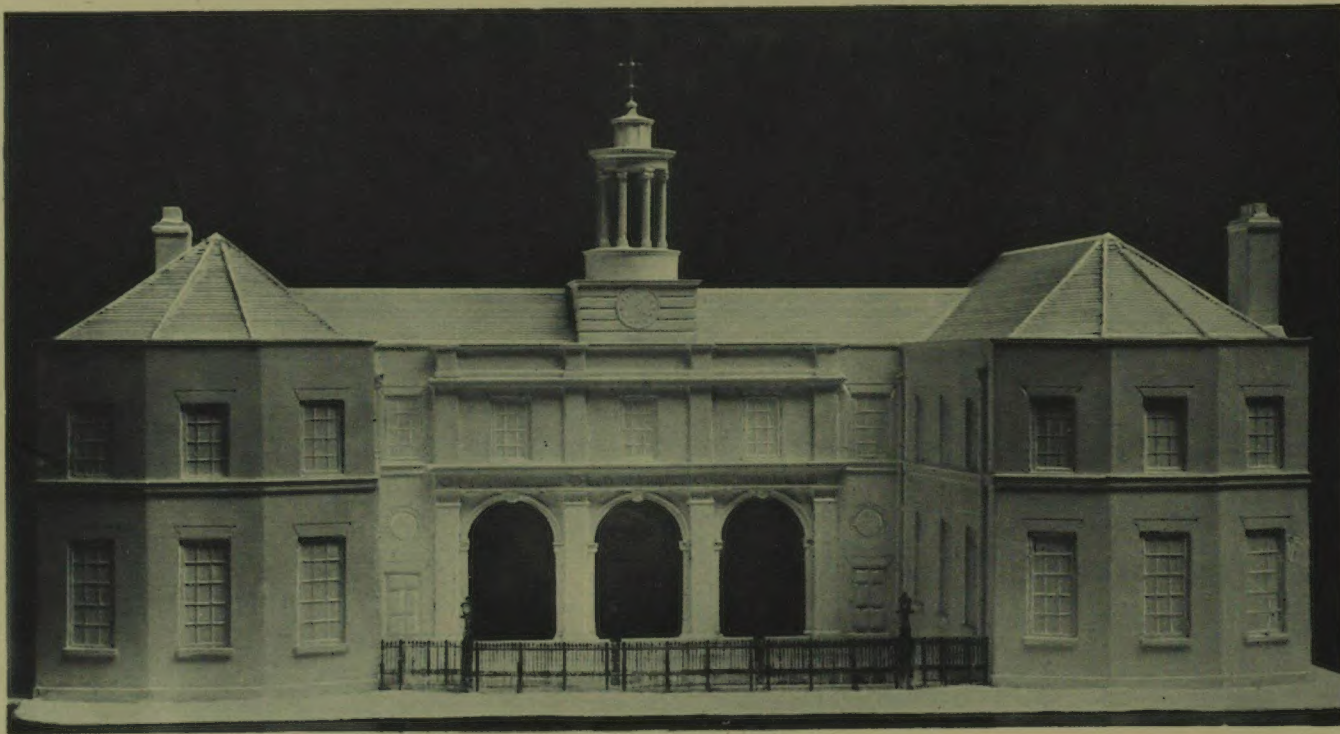
Why is it that those who admire foreign nations always ask us to admire them for the nastiest things about them? Those who abuse foreign nations are mostly mere fools, as distinct from those who abuse the abuses of foreign nations. That is quite allowable; but it is well to balance it by occasionally abusing the abuses of our own nation. In my own jog-trot journalistic existence, I have generally tried to keep this balance, and to distribute abuse and vituperation in such elegant and well-chosen proportions that nobody can be offended or feel that he has been left out of the fun. But the people who abuse abuses are in another class; they are critics like any other critics; they are reformers in one country as they would be in any country; they are international in the rare and good sense of that word. Nor need we be without charity for the happy human fool, for whom anything that is foreign means anything that is strange. I mean the man who laughs at a *gendarme*, when he has never in his life ventured to laugh at the much more pantomimic costume of a policeman. These people, in a sense, abuse foreign nations; but it is their great glory that they admit that they laugh at them because they do not understand them, and not because they pretend that they do. But neither of these two types, the reformer who rebukes on principle or the rustic who laughs out of mere surprise, throws any light on the problem of the third kind of critic, who concerns me just now. Why, I repeat, do those who urge us to love our enemies, or merely like our neighbours, seem to have no notion of what it is that men really love or like? Why do they always point out as supreme merits the things that most normal men, if they do not actually hate, tend more or less to dislike?

We all know that one of the real Opportunities of Travel is the chance of escaping the guide and being

able to contradict the guide-book. And this really is a benefit that can only be obtained by travel. If you merely stay at home, you will probably read books, and books with all the prejudices of guide-books; if not, you will read newspapers, often containing pronouncements upon Europe or America far below the mental level of any tout who tries to get a tip by showing you round an Italian ruin. In short, we all know that the real pleasures of the tripper are those that are not supposed to be part of the trip; the small, touching, humanising sights that really do tell us that all human beings are parts of one humanity; such as the domestic scene I beheld in the most Moslem part of Palestine, the episode of a Moslem woman shouting and yelling abuse of her husband across the breadth of a small lake, while the husband stood helpless and evidently unable to think of any repartee. This made me feel, with a warm touch of sentiment, that home is home everywhere, and is not so very much altered even where a home may be a harem. Now, you cannot arrange a tour with a

stiff and bristling statistics about exports and imports, manufacture and machinery, strictly enforced regulations, very advanced scientific legislation, and everything else that stinks to heaven. They suggest that the German is alone industrious; by which they mean industrial. As a matter of fact, that industrial type is not generally any more industrious, if so much, as what we used to call the idle and lounging peasant of the South, who works hours before any of us dream of waking up, and sometimes hours after we go to bed; but rests in the heat of the middle of the day, not being a born fool. But, anyhow, in so far as it is true that the Germans are very industrious, did you ever hear of anybody loving anybody merely because he was industrious? It does not touch the heart to tell us that so many tons of cast-iron are turned out of an enormous factory owned by a millionaire, nor would it ever lead to any sense of the common humanity of nations. A British statesman, in the very middle of the war, solemnly told us that there are two Germanies: the bad Germany of despotism,

militarism, and armed aristocracy; and the good Germany of science and commerce and chemicals used for various purposes. I remember thinking at the time, and even saying at the time (I fancy on this very page), that I had much more sympathy for a soldier dying for the Kaiser than for an expert working for the Krupps. Again, one does not love experts; especially experts in poison-gas. One may fear them, and, in consequence, one may fight them. But international idealists are even now talking of Germany as the land of science and industry and technical improvement.



THE NEW FRONT OF THE JOCKEY CLUB ROOMS AT NEWMARKET: AN INTERESTING MODEL SHOWN IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—ARCHITECTS: MESSRS. RICHARDSON AND GILL.

Last October it was reported that the Jockey Club rooms at Newmarket were to be rebuilt. Now this model is to be seen in the Royal Academy. Dealing with the decision last year, the "Times" had it: "Historical parts will be left much as they are, so that lovers of the past will have nothing of which they can complain. The front is to be rebuilt, and there will be a courtyard with the old rails to be seen in old prints in front. The old prints suggest that it was here that horses used to be sold. Professor Richardson, Professor of Architecture at London University, has been consulted on the changes."

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view to little things like that. I could no more have planned that this particular woman should boil over at this particular moment than I could pay a few *live* to obtain an eruption of Vesuvius. But it was immeasurably more forcible and impressive than Vesuvius. For it is the little things and not the large things that touch this tricky international nerve which reminds us that we are all made on the same anatomical plan and that the Image of God is everywhere. What I complain of in the internationalist interpreters is that they seem to have no notion of what these small and attractive things are. Bring me the ordinary international pamphlet on the claims of Ruthenia, with maps and statistics and all the rest, and I shall probably end the perusal by hating the poor Ruthenians, whom I never saw and hardly ever heard of; simply because the international reconcilers do not understand why men hate or love.

I will take the hardest cases of the two nations with which, in a political sense, I am perhaps least in sympathy: Germany and Japan. The Germany praised by the Pro-Germans is much nastier than the Germany abused by the Anti-Germans. The former generally contrive to convey the impression of a human hive, of all horrible things, which very soon and very naturally becomes an inhuman hive. They give me

Now, Germany is not as bad as all that. It has temptations of barbarism, and especially of mythology, but it has touches of the better mythology which is not a myth. My examples of small things would doubtless sound very small indeed. Summoned before the International Peace Conference, I should cause general disappointment if I said: "The Germans have produced one particular kind of Christmas Card which is unlike anything in the world. It really mingles the natural mystery of the forests with the preternatural mystery of the Christmas tree, and truly sets the Star of Bethlehem in a northern sky. To look at the best of these little pictures is to feel at once like a man who has received a sacrament and a child who has heard the whole of a fairy-tale. And when I look at those queer little coloured pictures, full of a sort of holy goblins, I know there is something in Germany that can be loved, and that perhaps is not yet lost."

I have no space here to say much about the parallel of Japan, but the moral, it may be noted, is the same. Publicists have sometimes praised Japan for possessing all the qualities of Prussia, as if Prussianism were a term of praise. But I once crossed the Atlantic and watched a little Japanese playing with his little goblins of children, and I have never been quite so Anti-Japanese since.

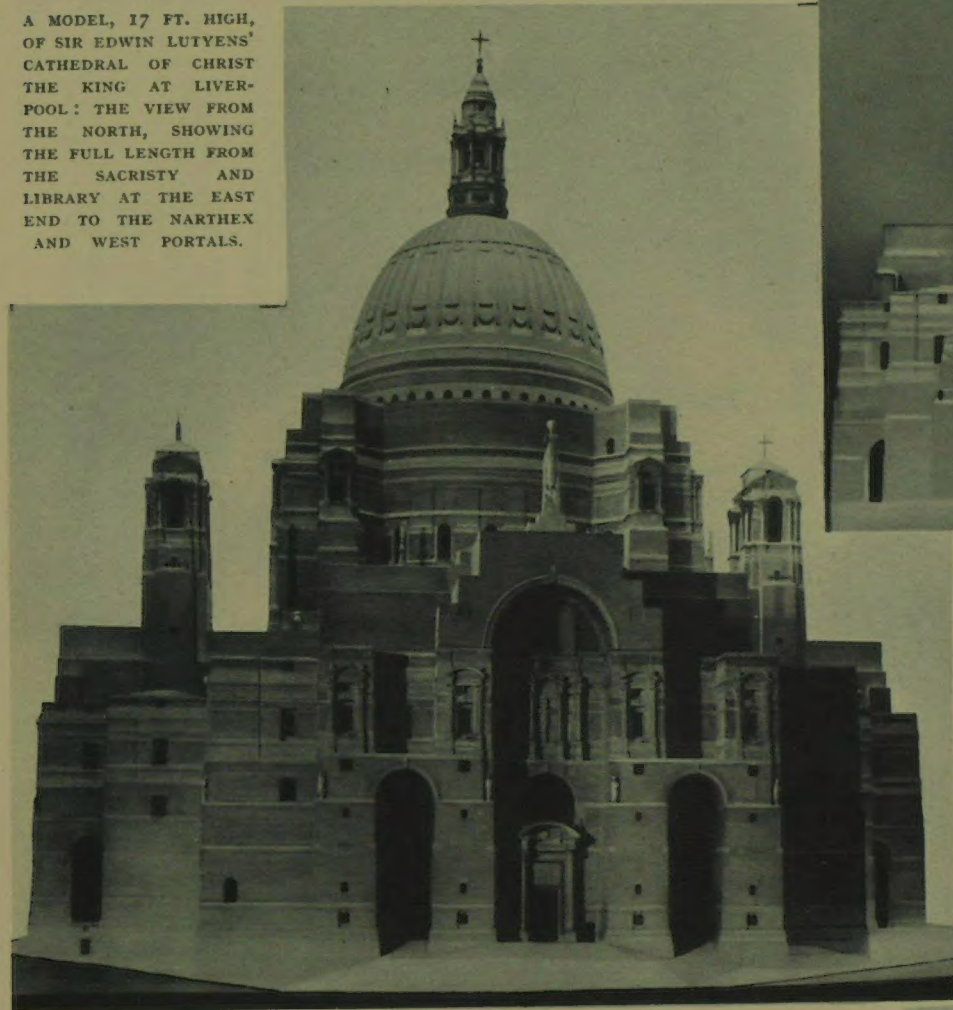


## LIVERPOOL'S GREAT ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL: A WONDERFUL MODEL TO BE SHOWN AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

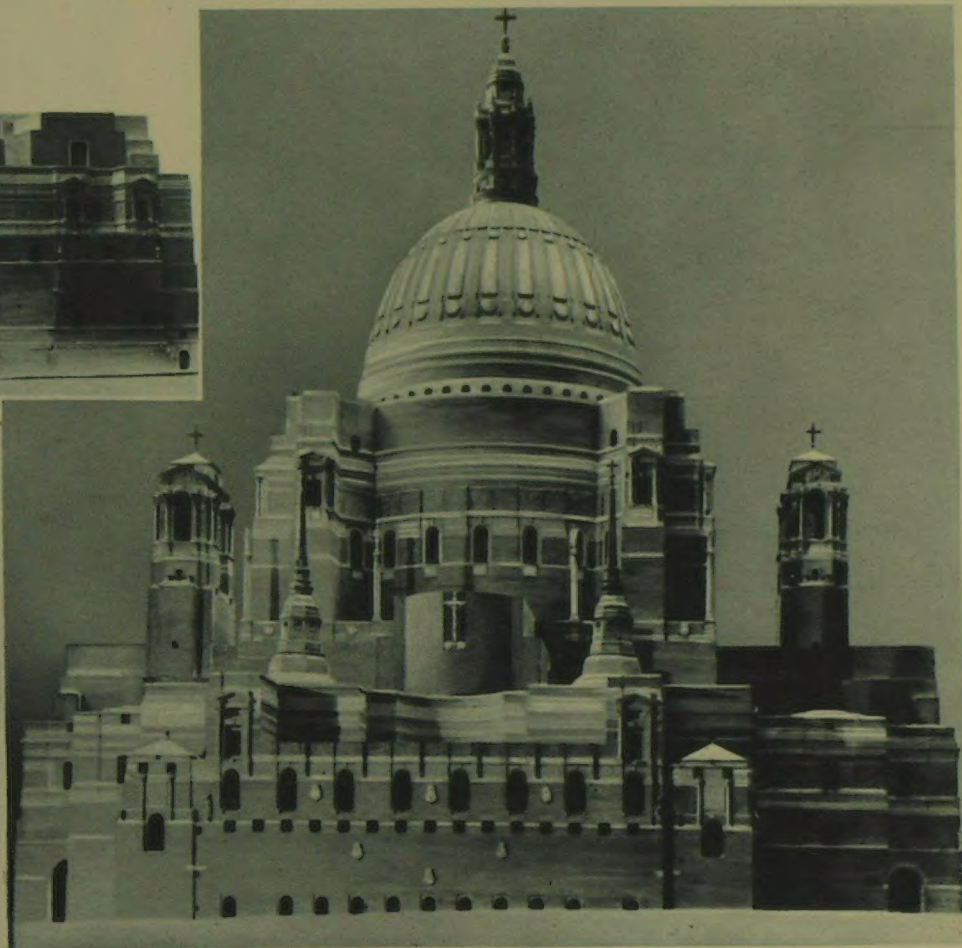
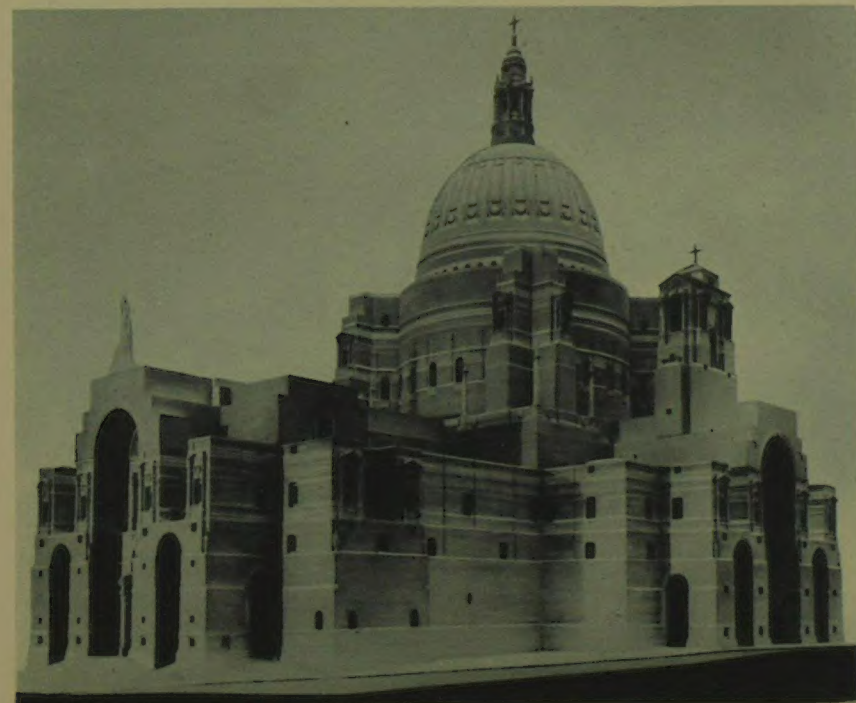
A GIANT model of Sir Edwin Lutyens' great Roman Catholic Cathedral of Liverpool, whose foundation-stone was dedicated at Whitsun of last year, is to be exhibited at the Royal Academy. The model, as befits that of the largest Cathedral in the world, is thought to be unique both in size and in elaboration of detail. It took two years to make, its construction occupying twenty thousand working hours; and its exterior is coloured to represent the Roman bricks used in Sir Edwin's design for the Cathedral proper. All the detail is reproduced, including the forty-nine sculptured figures about the exterior. Mr. C. S. Jagger, A.R.A., who designed the giant figure of Christ the King, 45 ft. high, above the main entrance, has executed a miniature of the figure for the model. The whole weighs two tons and is some 17 ft. high. It was taken into Burlington House in about twenty-five sections and reassembled inside. Mr. John B. Thorp was responsible for its making.



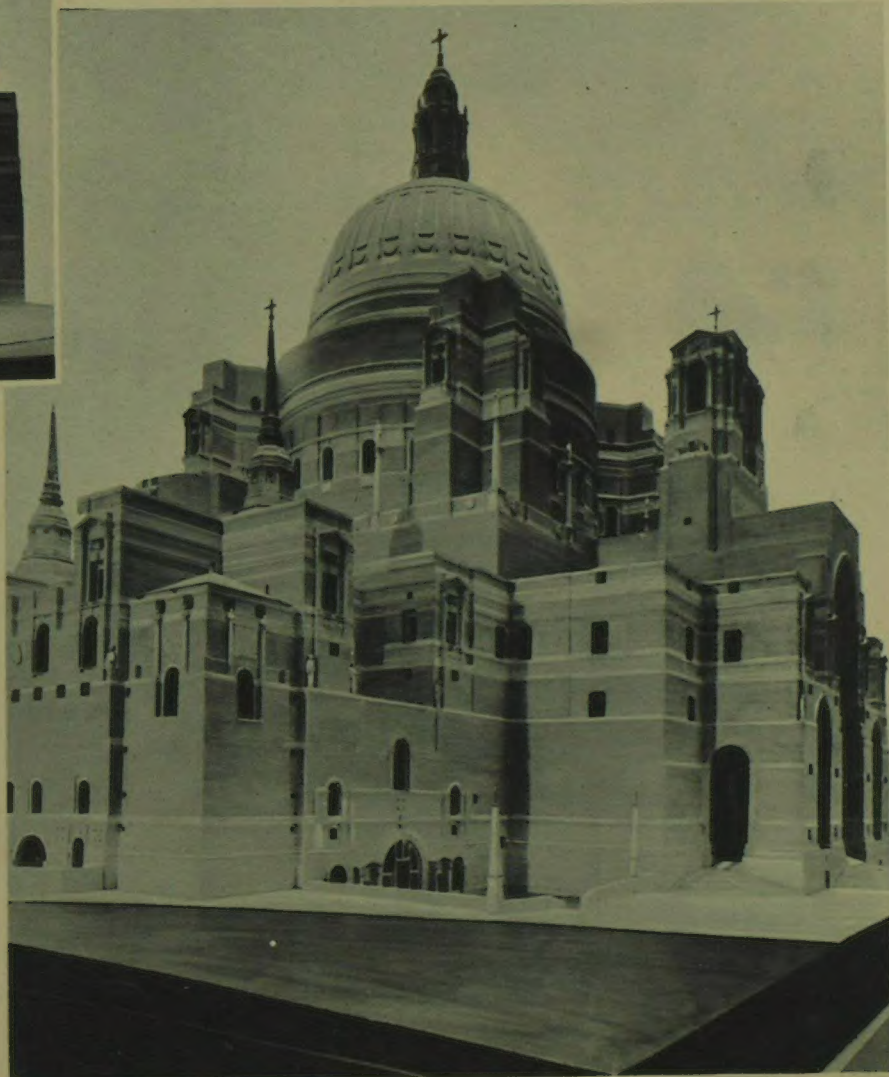
A MODEL, 17 FT. HIGH, OF SIR EDWIN LUTYENS' CATHEDRAL OF CHRIST THE KING AT LIVERPOOL: THE VIEW FROM THE NORTH, SHOWING THE FULL LENGTH FROM THE SACRISTY AND LIBRARY AT THE EAST END TO THE NARTHEX AND WEST PORTALS.



THE WEST ELEVATION; SHOWING THE COLOSSAL ARCH IN THE CENTRE, TO BE 145 FT. HIGH, SURMOUNTED BY A STATUE OF CHRIST THE KING; AND, BEYOND, THE TRANSEPTS WITH THEIR CAMPANILES.



A VIEW FROM THE EAST, SHOWING THE APSE OF THE HIGH ALTAR SURMOUNTING THE CATHEDRAL LIBRARY; AND, BEHIND SPIRES CROWNING THE CHAPELS, TWO OF THE FOUR Y-SHAPED BUTTRESSES SUPPORTING THE DOME.



(LEFT) THE VIEW FROM THE SOUTH-WEST; SHOWING HOW THE RECTANGULAR BRICK MASSES ARE BOUND TOGETHER BY GRANITE COURSES; AND (ABOVE) THE VIEW FROM THE NORTH-EAST, SHOWING THE ENTRANCE TO THE CRYPT AND THE NORTH DOORS; AND, CROWNING ALL, THE CROSS OF THE DOME, TO BE 510 FT. HIGH.

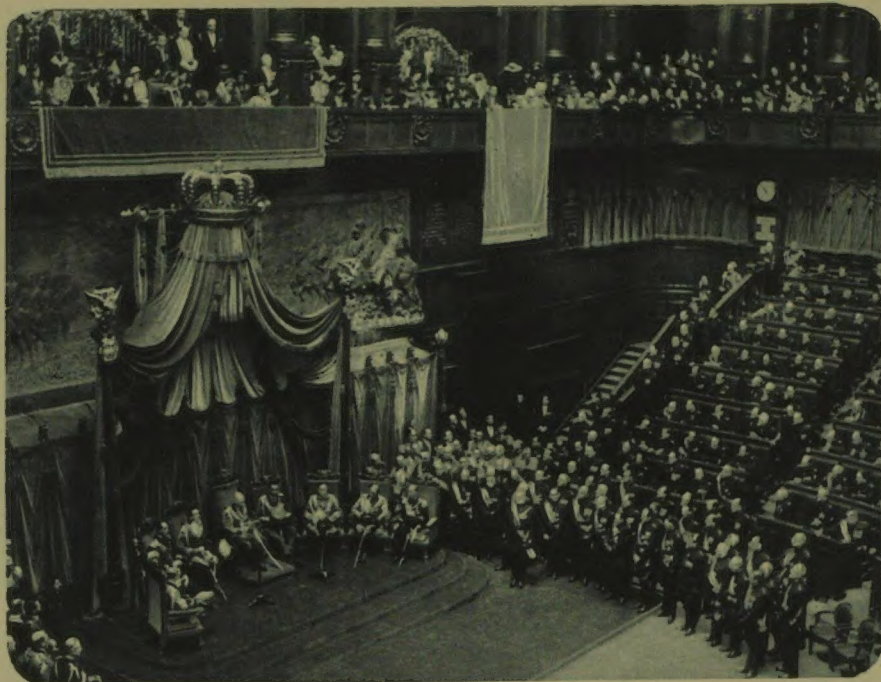


# PICTORIAL NOTES ON CURRENT NEWS: NOTABLE EVENTS OF THE WEEK.



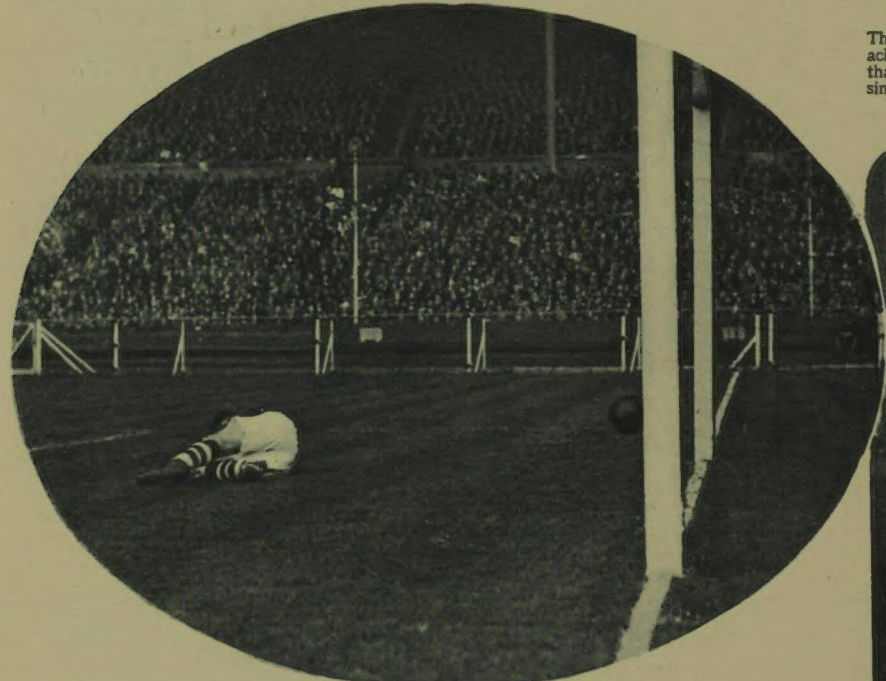
ITALY'S NEW 37-KNOT "CONDOTTIERI" CRUISER CLASS: THE "A. DIAZ" DURING THE BLESSING OF THE FLAGS AT NAPLES.

The modern Italian Navy has now in service or under construction 12 light cruisers of 5000 to 6790 tons, familiarly called the "Condottieri" class. They are armed with eight 6-inch guns, and six 3.9-inch anti-aircraft guns, and are designed for a speed of 37 knots. During her trials the "A. Diaz" (according to "Jane's Fighting Ships") made a mean speed of 39.8 knots, and has a radius of 2500 miles at 25 knots. These ships are intended chiefly for high-speed raiding and pursuit of hostile destroyers.



PROBABLY THE LAST ITALIAN PARLIAMENT: THE KING OF ITALY (SEATED ON THE THRONE) READING HIS SPEECH—SHOWING ALSO SIGNOR MUSSOLINI (STANDING, TO RIGHT).

The King of Italy recently opened the twenty-ninth Italian Parliament with a speech reviewing achievements of the past five years, and indicating national policy. Signor Mussolini has hinted that this may be the last Italian Chamber of Deputies. In his speech the King said: "We sincerely and ardently desire for Italy and Europe the longest possible period of peace. But the highest guarantee of this peace resides in the efficiency of our armed forces."



THE CUP FINAL: PORTSMOUTH'S ONLY GOAL, SCORED DURING THE FIRST HALF—THE BALL BEATING SWIFT, THE MANCHESTER GOALKEEPER.

Manchester City beat Portsmouth in the F.A. Cup Final at Wembley Stadium on April 28 by two goals to one. As mentioned on the front page, where we publish a photograph of the King presenting the Cup to Cowan, the Manchester captain, Portsmouth scored their goal in the first half, and a thrilling game ended with two Manchester goals, the second one coming three minutes [Continued on right.]



MANCHESTER CITY'S FIRST GOAL IN THE CUP FINAL, WHICH PUT THEM LEVEL WITH PORTSMOUTH: TILSON, THE CENTRE-FORWARD, SCORING.

from the end. There has seldom been a more exciting Cup Final. When Rutherford, at outside-left, scored for Portsmouth, the chance was given to him by the centre-forward, Weddle. Both Manchester's goals were scored by Tilson, the first after a brilliant pass from Brook, the second after good work by Toseland. Portsmouth were handicapped by an injury to Allen in the second half; but many critics thought they overdid defensive tactics.



THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT READY FOR ANY MAY DAY DISTURBANCE: A DETACHMENT OF MOBILE MACHINE-GUNS IN PARIS, FOR THE PREVIOUS DAY'S REVIEW.

In view of the appeal to strike and demonstrate on May Day, launched by the trade unions and the Communist paper, "Humanité," the Paris garrison was reinforced by detachments of troops from places as far distant as Brittany. As a demonstration of the forces at their disposal the Government held two reviews on April 30, one at the Esplanade des Invalides, and the other at the Porte Dorée, where the Communists had proclaimed their intention to hold a mass demonstration.

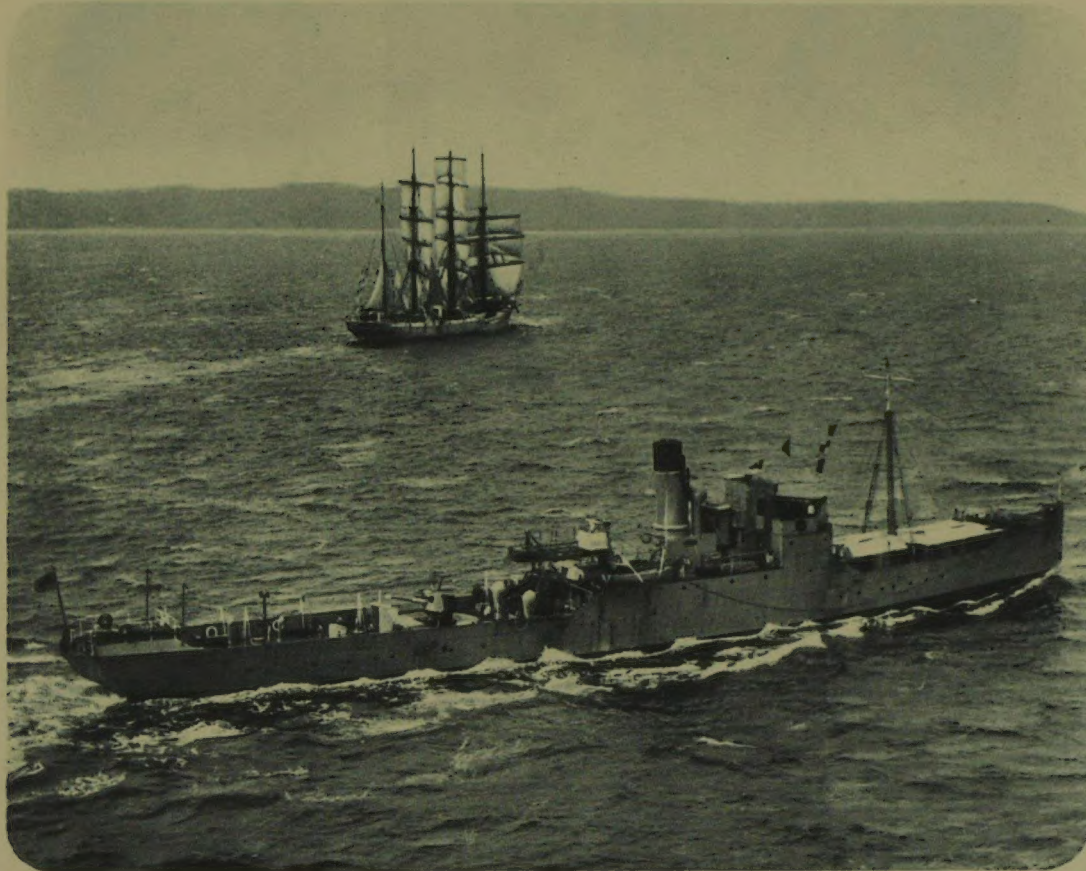


THE KING AND QUEEN OF SIAM IN LONDON: THEIR MAJESTIES WITH THE PRIME MINISTER, AFTER LUNCHEON AT 10, DOWNING STREET.

The King and Queen of Siam arrived in England on April 25. The visit was a private one. Their Majesties, attended by Mme. M. L. Keong Jaivant and Lieut.-General Phya Vajitvongs, visited the King and Queen at Windsor on April 26 and remained to lunch. On the following day they visited "The Ideal Home" Exhibition. On April 30 they heard "Fidelio" at Covent Garden, and on May 1 lunched with the Prime Minister at 10, Downing Street.



# THE WINDJAMMER THAT RACED THE "MAURETANIA": THE FOUR-MASTED BARQUE "ABRAHAM RYDBERG."



THE FIRST OF THE WINDJAMMERS TO REACH ENGLAND: THE FOUR-MASTED BARQUE "ABRAHAM RYDBERG."—(ABOVE) TWO VIEWS OF THE SHIP BEATING UP CHANNEL; AND (BELOW) SEEN FROM THE "MAURETANIA," WHICH SHE RACED RUNNING BEFORE AN ATLANTIC GALE.

The Swedish four-masted barque "Abraham Rydberg" arrived at Falmouth on the night of April 27, being the first of the windjammers to complete the Grain Race from Australia. That does not mean that she has necessarily won the race, since the competing vessels start at different times and the winner is the vessel which makes the quickest passage. The "Abraham Rydberg" came by way of the Cape of Good Hope instead of by Cape Horn, which is more usual, and took 108 days. Her commander, Captain Tamm, hoped for better weather than is common on the

Cape Horn route. She shipped 40,239 bags of grain at Wallaroo, a tonnage of 3250; and, after taking 49½ days to the Cape, sailed from there to the Line in 24 days. Thereafter she experienced several gales. On April 25, when the windjammer was nearing home, the "Mauretania" hove in sight, and the liner's captain altered course to pass close by. Greetings were exchanged; and Captain Tamm set more sail to race against the great liner. There was a strong following wind, and for a time he did very well, but gradually the "Mauretania" drew away.



## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



SIR HARRY GRAHAM HAIG.

Appointed to succeed Sir Malcolm Hailey as Governor of the United Provinces. Home Member of the Executive Council of the Governor-General of India. Formerly Under-Secretary to the Government of the United Provinces, 1910-12.



MR. F. R. WEST.

Elected M.P. (Labour) in the North Hammersmith by-election, caused by the death of Miss Mary Pickford. Had a majority of 3516 over the Conservative candidate; as compared with the Conservative majority of 6977 in 1931, and the Labour majority of 3857 in 1929.



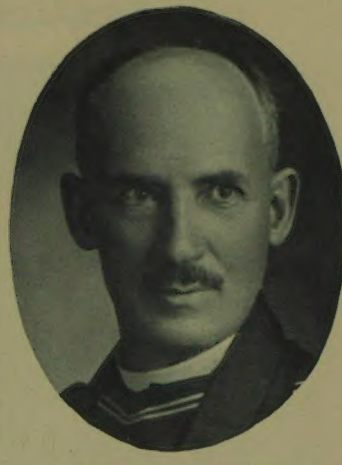
DON RICARDO SAMPER.

The new Spanish Prime Minister, who formed his Government on April 29; its members almost identical with those of Señor Lerroux's. Is a Radical Republican (of which Party Señor Lerroux is leader). His Government is opposed by Socialists.



SIR GEORGE DUCKWORTH.

Died April 27. Secretary of the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments (England), 1908, and of the permanent Commission until 1933. Member of many other Commissions, including the Royal Commission on London Squares and Open Spaces in 1927.



BISHOP W. C. WHITE.

Appointed Keeper, East Asiatic Collection, Royal Ontario Museum. As Bishop of Honan has contributed to "The Illustrated London News" an important article and numerous illustrations relating to discoveries in the Old Lo-yang Tombs.



THE EX-KAISER'S GRANDDAUGHTER TO GO TO SCHOOL IN ENGLAND: PRINCESS FREDERICA OF BRUNSWICK (RIGHT), WITH HER MOTHER.

The ex-Kaiser's seventeen-year-old granddaughter, Princess Frederica, it was recently announced, is to attend school in England. She visited London for the first time, with her parents, the Duke and Duchess of Brunswick, a short while ago. Previously they had visited North Foreland Lodge School at Broadstairs, where Princess Frederica will be this term. Her mother is the ex-Kaiser's only daughter.



TO VISIT AUSTRALIA IN PLACE OF PRINCE GEORGE: THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AT A POINT-TO-POINT MEETING.

It was announced on April 29 that the King had decided that, in view of the heavy strain entailed, it would be inadvisable for Prince George, after his successful visit to South Africa, to undertake a second six-months' tour; and that the Duke of Gloucester would represent his Majesty at the centenary celebrations of the State of Victoria, and carry out the programmes arranged in Australia and New Zealand.



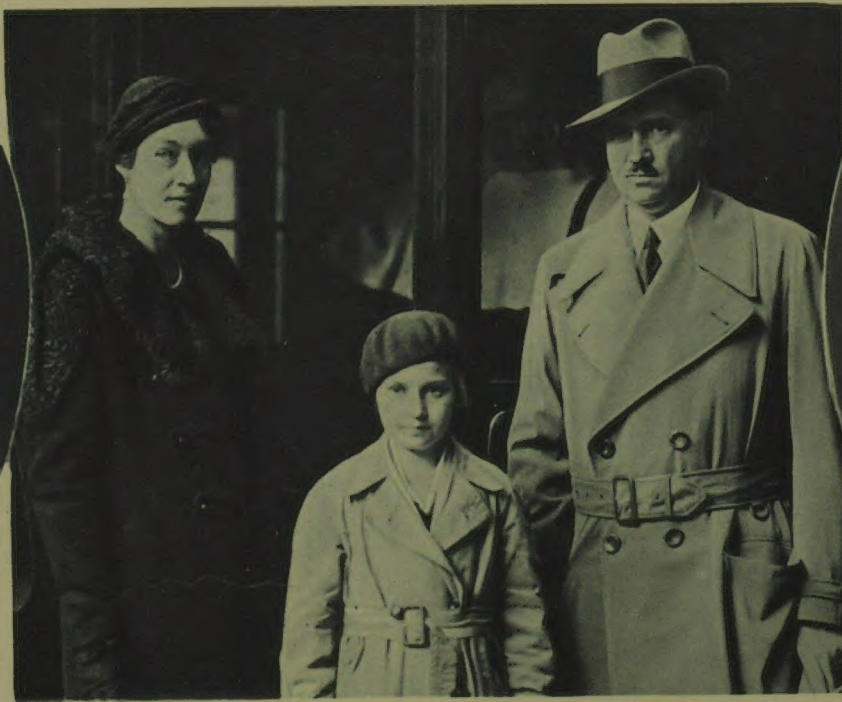
WINNER OF THE ENGLISH AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP IN A MOST DRAMATIC CONTEST: S. LUNT (MOSELEY; LEFT) RECEIVING THE TROPHY.

One of the most astonishing and dramatic golf matches of recent years was that in which S. Lunt (Moseley) won the English Championship at Formby on April 28. At the end of the first eighteen holes he was six down to L. G. Crawley (Brancepeth Castle), yet he beat him at the thirty-seventh hole. Lunt, who is a Birmingham business man, is thirty-three. Crawley is an old Cambridge Blue.



A NEW WOMAN A.R.A.: MRS. DOD PROCTER, THE PAINTER.

Mrs. Dod Procter, the well-known English painter, was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy at an assembly held on April 27. Mrs. Procter is the third woman artist to receive the honour in recent years, and the second to share the honour with her husband. She may be said to have first come into fame with her "Morning," shown in the Academy Exhibition of 1927 and subsequently in a number of provincial galleries.



THE GRAND DUCHESS OF LUXEMBURG AND THE PRINCE CONSORT (WHO HAVE A SON AT SCHOOL IN ENGLAND) IN LONDON WITH THEIR DAUGHTER.

The Grand Duchess of Luxemburg, accompanied by the Prince Consort and their daughter, Princess Elisabeth, arrived in London on April 29 on a brief visit, and stayed at a London hotel. They reached England on April 27, having travelled incognito, and went to York, where their son, the Hereditary Grand Duke, is at school. The Grand Duchess and the Prince of Luxemburg visited the King and Queen at Windsor Castle and remained to lunch there, on April 30.



A NEW A.R.A.: MR. MEREDITH FRAMPTON, THE PAINTER.

Mr. Meredith Frampton, the eminent English painter, was recently elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. He is the son of the late Sir George Frampton, R.A., the sculptor. He is well known for his portraits, landscapes, and still-life subjects. His sitters have included the Duke of York, Sir Henry Wood, and Sir Henry Newbolt. His portrait of the Bishop of Exeter in this year's Academy is reproduced on page 696 of this number.



## INVADING TEAMS FROM OVERSEAS.

The main body of the Australian Test team arrived at Southampton on April 25 and proceeded to London, where they were warmly greeted by Lord Hailsham, President of the M.C.C., and other distinguished cricketers. Of the seven members of the team not included in the photograph, W. A. Oldfield, A. F. Kippax, and S. McCabe had already arrived, and W. A. Brown, E. H. Bromley, B. A. Barnett, and E. A. Chipperfield, together with Mr. H. Bushby, the manager, reached London on April 26. The Australians were heartily welcomed at a series of festivities before leaving for their first fixture at Worcester. The Australian Davis Cup team, consisting of Crawford, Turnbull, McGrath, and Quist, also arrived at Southampton on April 25, having come on the same boat as the cricketers. They soon went on to Bournemouth, in readiness for the British Hard Court Championships, which were begun on April 30. The American Walker Cup team arrived at St. Andrews on April 27. On April 30 the completion of the British team was announced with the selection of E. A. McRuvie and L. O. M. Munn.



THE MAIN BODY OF THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKET TEAM ARRIVING AT SOUTHAMPTON: C. V. GRIMMETT; H. I. EBELING; T. WALL; W. M. WOODFULL (CAPTAIN); W. J. O'REILLY; W. H. PONSFORD; L. O'B. FLEETWOOD-SMITH; D. G. BRADMAN (VICE-CAPTAIN); AND L. DARLING (LEFT TO RIGHT).



THE AUSTRALIAN DAVIS CUP TEAM AT BOURNEMOUTH BEFORE PLAYING IN THE HARD COURT CHAMPIONSHIPS: J. H. CRAWFORD, WINNER AT WIMBLEDON LAST YEAR; A. K. QUIST; VIVIAN MCGRATH; AND D. P. TURNBULL (LEFT TO RIGHT).



THE UNITED STATES TEAM FOR THE WALKER CUP: (BACK ROW) H. PIERCE (TREASURER); J. FISCHER; G. MORELAND; F. OUMET (CAPTAIN); M. R. MARSTON; J. WESTLAND. (FRONT ROW) G. T. DUNLAP; J. GOODMAN; W. LAWSON LITTLE; AND H. CHANDLER EGAN (LEFT TO RIGHT).

## OPERA OPENS AT COVENT GARDEN.



THE OPENING OF THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA SEASON WITH BEETHOVEN'S "FIDELIO": LOTTE LEHMANN (CENTRE, IN BOY'S CLOTHES) AS LEONORA; FRANZ VÖLKER AS FLORESTAN; ALEXANDER KIPNIS AS ROCCO; AND ERNA BERGER AS MARCELLINA (L. TO R.).



THE PRISON YARD IN THE SECOND SCENE OF ACT I: ERNA BERGER AS MARCELLINA; LOTTE LEHMANN (IN BOY'S CLOTHES) AS LEONORA; ALFRED JERGER AS DON PIZARRO; AND ALEXANDER KIPNIS AS ROCCO (LEFT TO RIGHT).



RHINE-MAIDENS WHO FLOAT BUT DO NOT SING, REHEARSING FOR THE PRODUCTION OF "RHEINGOLD" AT COVENT GARDEN ON MAY 1: GIRLS, IN ADMIRABLY FISH-LIKE GUISE, WHO APPEAR ON THE STAGE, WHILE THEIR SINGING IS DONE BY OTHERS "OFF."

The season of opera at Covent Garden opened on April 30 with a production of Beethoven's "Fidelio," which had not been heard in London since it was given at Covent Garden seven years ago in the year of the centenary of Beethoven's death. Sir Thomas Beecham conducted, and an excellent German company of singers performed. There was new and effective scenery designed by Mr. Rex Whistler. Mme. Lotte Lehmann, who played Leonora, had not been heard before in the part at Covent Garden. She was the Leonora of the centenary performances given in Vienna in 1927. Her magnificent voice and noble style of singing were finely suited to the part. Herren Völker, Kipnis, Jerger, Zimmermann, and Janssen had the chief male parts, and Mme. Erna Berger was Marcellina. A crowded house attended the opening performance. Among those in the Royal Box were the King and Queen of Siam, and Princess Helena Victoria and Princess Marie Louise. The first night was greeted by the audience with unbounded enthusiasm, and it seemed probable that a highly successful season of opera would follow.



## FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



WHERE TRAINING WILL INCLUDE THE STAGING OF "CRIMES": THE NEW METROPOLITAN POLICE COLLEGE, AT HENDON, TO BE OPENED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES. The Prince of Wales has arranged to open on May 31 the new Metropolitan Police College at Hendon. It was formerly a country club, and has 60 acres of grounds with facilities for cricket, football, tennis and other games, a gymnasium, and a swimming-bath. One room is to be equipped as a police-court, to afford practice in giving evidence, and another as a model police-station. Murders, smash-and-grab raids, and street accidents will be realistically staged for instructional purposes. The course lasts fifteen months.



CLAIMED AS THE WORLD'S LARGEST LAND AEROPLANE NOW IN REGULAR SERVICE: THE HUGE NEW IMPERIAL AIRWAYS LINER "SCYLLA," SEATING THIRTY-NINE PASSENGERS. The "Scylla," a new Imperial Airways machine, is claimed to be the largest air liner in regular service in the world. It is one of two built by Short Brothers, and weighs some fourteen tons. It has a span of 113 ft., a length of 77 ft., is 29 ft. high, and can accommodate thirty-nine passengers. It is driven by four Bristol engines, each of 555 h.p. The fuselage is bigger than a railway coach, and the cabins are sound-proof.



FROM A FAMOUS GREEK TEMPLE OF HERA, ASSOCIATED WITH THE ARGONAUTS, RECENTLY FOUND IN ITALY: A CHARMING TERRA-COTTA FIGURE OF APHRODITE.



TERRA-COTTA STATUETTES FROM THE TEMPLE OF ARGIVE HERA RECENTLY DISCOVERED NEAR PAESTUM: TYPICAL EXAMPLES FROM AMONG A NUMBER OF SIMILAR "FINDS."

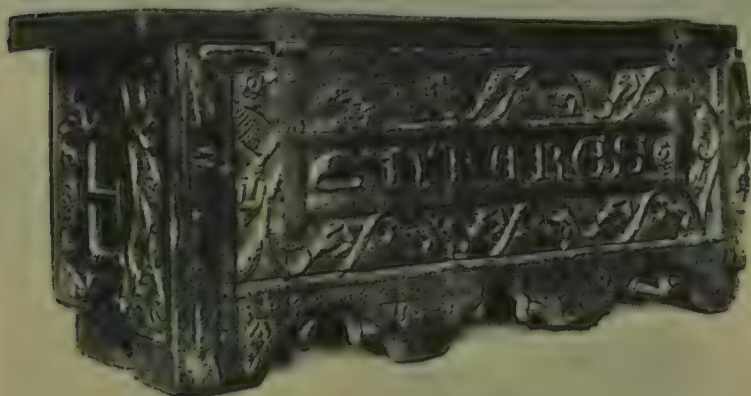


THE TREASURE OF THE MONTH AT THE BERLIN MUSEUM: A RENAISSANCE PORTRAIT CARVING. This unusually interesting relief, carved in birchwood, represents a leading citizen of Salzburg. Both in the handling of the figure and in the delicately indicated background, it is closely akin to painted portraits of the German Renaissance.



FOUR TERRA-COTTA HEADS, OUT OF A TOTAL OF 1360, FROM THE TEMPLE OF HERA LOCATED AT THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER SELE.

The site of the long-sought Greek temple of Argive Hera, which, according to legend, was founded by the Argonauts at the mouth of the river Sele (ancient *Silarus*), was at last located recently about 6 miles north-west of Paestum. The discovery was made by Dr. P. Zancani-Montuoro and the Director of the Magna Græcia Society. Excavations brought to light nearly 1400 terra-cotta heads, with many terra-cotta statuettes and votive offerings.



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: THE "FARES" CHEST, A UNIQUE ENGLISH FIFTEENTH-CENTURY COFFER.

This celebrated fifteenth-century coffer has no close parallel among English examples of that period. The front is carved with two graceful volute-shaped sprays ending in roses. On the back is the name "N.Fares" (presumably that of the owner), preceded by a device resembling the cup of an acorn; an ornament also seen on one end (left in the photograph) above a monogram "N.F." The other end is plain.



COMMEMORATING "OLD COMRADES" AT THE CAVALRY MEMORIAL IN HYDE PARK, WHERE LORD ALLENBY PLACED A WREATH: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SERVICE.

At midday on Sunday, April 29, a memorial service to cavalrymen who fell in the Great War was held at the Cavalry Memorial in Hyde Park, and was attended by combined "Old Comrades." The service was conducted by the Rev. H. G. Marshall, and a wreath was placed on the Memorial by Field-Marshal Lord Allenby. The monument, with its equestrian statue of St. George and the Dragon, is the work of Captain Adrian Jones.





A LION IN THE OPEN AIR AT WHIPSNAD, THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S ADMIRABLE "NATURAL HOME" FOR WILD ANIMALS.



LIONS TAKING THEIR EASE AND BASKING IN THE SUNLIGHT AT WHIPSNAD: A SECTION WHOSE SANDY SOIL RESEMBLES THAT OF THE VELD.



THE WOLVES' WOOD; CLOSELY RESEMBLING THE ANIMALS' HAUNTS IN RUSSIA AND NORTH AMERICA: SOME OF THE SEVENTEEN WOLVES SKULKING AMONG THE PINE TREES.



A GENERAL FAVOURITE AT WHIPSNAD, AS IN REGENT'S PARK: A POLAR BEAR IN THE PIT, WHERE THE CONCRETE IS CAMOUFLAGED TO LOOK LIKE ROCK-WORK.



THE ANOA, OR DWARF BUFFALO, OF CELEBES, AMONG LEAFY SURROUNDINGS AT WHIPSNAD: A STRANGE GUEST TO THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE WHICH NEVER GROWS MUCH LARGER THAN A SHEEP.



ANOTHER GRACEFUL INMATE THAT BENEFITS TO THE FULL FROM THE NATURAL SURROUNDINGS: THE AXIS DEER AT WHIPSNAD; A SPECIES ALSO KNOWN AS THE SPOTTED DEER, OR CHITAL, AND FOUND ALMOST THROUGHOUT INDIA AND CEYLON.

The King and Queen, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of York and Princess Elizabeth, paid their first visit to Whipsnade recently. They were received by the Duke of Bedford, the President of the Zoological Society, and other officers. They saw the chimpanzees, which have passed the winter at Whipsnade and came out to shake hands with the royal visitors; the Chartley and Chillingham white cattle; and many other animals. At the lion and tiger pits they left the cars to

see the animals being fed. After tea they went on foot to the wolves' wood and the great bear enclosure. Their Majesties expressed themselves as specially pleased with the tameness of the animals and with their extremely healthy appearance. Some short time before this the Zoological Society of London had published its report, in which it was stated that the Council had felt justified in sanctioning some improvements both in London and at Whipsnade.



# THE SUBMERGED CONTINENT THAT EXISTED WHEN THE HIMALAYAS WERE BENEATH THE SEA; A RECONSTRUCTION.

RECONSTRUCTION DRAWINGS BY D. MACPHERSON, MADE SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF PROF. J. STANLEY GARDINER, F.R.S., F.L.S., SECRETARY TO THE "JOHN MURRAY" EXPEDITION TO THE INDIAN OCEAN. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 682.)



THE GONDWANA CONTINENT AS IT PROBABLY APPEARED BEFORE BEING SUBMERGED, MANY MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO; (ABOVE) A PICTORIAL MAP, SHOWING (IN DOTTED LINES) THE PRESENT COAST-LINE OF INDIA, ARABIA, AND EAST AFRICA, WITH MODERN LOCALITIES; (BELOW) A RECONSTRUCTION

The modern science of oceanography, founded by the late Sir John Murray, who left £20,000 for the exploration of the Indian Ocean, has recently made wonderful discoveries regarding a vast submerged region, known as the Gondwana Continent, or Gondwanaland, which once extended from South America through Africa and India to Australia. The evidence rests on the fact that in all four continents the same land animals and plants are found, in fossil form, belonging

to one period, a time when the Himalayas, Caucasus, Alps, and Pyrenees were all beneath the sea. In his article on the subject (given on page 682), Professor J. Stanley Gardiner describes the new discoveries, which have been made, during the last seven months, by the "John Murray" Expedition, under Colonel Seymour Sewell, F.R.S., in a small Egyptian trawler called the "Mahabala." After an interview with Prof. Gardiner, Mr. F. G. Prince-White wrote (in the "Daily Mail"):

OF YEARS AGO: (ABOVE) A PICTORIAL MAP, SHOWING (IN DOTTED LINES) THE PRESENT COAST-LINE OF INDIA, ARABIA, AND EAST AFRICA, WITH MODERN LOCALITIES; (BELOW) A RECONSTRUCTION

"Gondwanaland belonged to the reptilian period, and was the home no doubt of monstrous scaly reptiles. . . . The 10,000-ft. high ridge, which runs south-west towards Socotra, was obviously a continuation of the Aravalli range (in Ajmere, India) and other mountains. There is a deep gully to the south-east, and it seems certain that it formed, in ages long ago, an extension of the bed of the River Indus. 'One can only deduce,' said the Professor, 'that the whole

vast tract of land, and part of the Indus, went down head-first, so to speak, in a tremendous volcanic upheaval.' The Expedition found a great area in the Gulf of Oman, near Muscat, where objects brought up from the sea-floor smell like rotten eggs, owing to sulphuretted hydrogen, and where the water below 100 fathoms is devoid of life. This effect is ascribed to seepages of oil from adjacent lands.



## EXPLORING A SUBMERGED CONTINENT.

DISCOVERIES BY THE "JOHN MURRAY" EXPEDITION TO THE INDIAN OCEAN: THE VAST GONDWANA CONTINENT THAT ONCE EXTENDED FROM SOUTH AMERICA THROUGH AFRICA AND INDIA TO AUSTRALIA.

By Prof. J. STANLEY GARDINER, F.R.S., F.L.S., Professor of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy at Cambridge, and Secretary to the "John Murray" Expedition.  
(See Illustrations on Pages 680 and 681.)

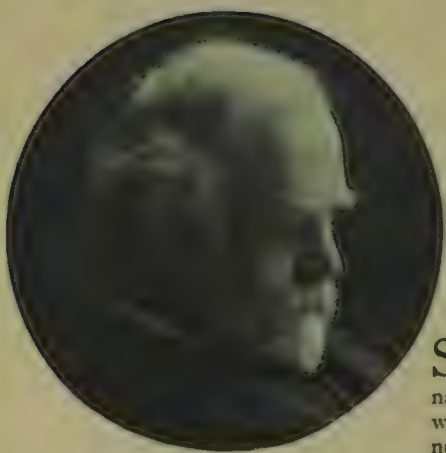


FIG. 1. FOUNDER OF THE MODERN SCIENCE OF OCEANOGRAPHY: THE LATE SIR JOHN MURRAY, WHO LEFT £20,000 FOR EXPLORING THE INDIAN OCEAN—HENCE THE "JOHN MURRAY" EXPEDITION HERE DESCRIBED.

(Fig. 1), was grieved that the *Challenger* never explored the Indian Ocean, and in his will made provision for this to be carried out; hence the present "John Murray" Expedition. The Egyptian trawler *Mabahiss*, 138 ft. long, was lent by King Fuad, whose interest in oceanic science is well known. The expedition is commanded by Colonel Seymour Sewell, F.R.S., who has three British and two Egyptian scientists to help, with an expert surveyor seconded from the Admiralty. His crew is mostly Egyptian, fine sailors and well officered.

This little vessel has now been cruising since last September, making a series of traverses across the

fact to-day, developed from the simpler moss, primitive "ferns" (*Glossopteris*), and "conifers" (*Cordaites*), with primitive reptiles and insects to keep vegetation in check. The chief home of these forms of life was the Gondwana continent that extended from South America, through Africa and India, to Australia; for in all four continents the same land animals and plants are found fossil at one period. These were in the days when the Pyrenees, Alps, Caucasus, and Himalayas were beneath the sea, their rocks being built by the skeletal remains of marine animals. North of the line of

into the fluid magma below, perhaps compensated for by the pushing up of the northern mountain lands, or the vertical splitting up and the subsequent floating apart, especially of our four southern lands. An accurate knowledge of continental slopes will help here, and submarine ridges, newly discovered, in the Gulf of Aden, require explanation. A line of submarine mountains parallel to the Baluchistan coast is interesting, but a great submarine range extending in an arc from northern India towards Socotra, with a deep gully that looks to be the old



FIG. 2. REEFS AND ROCKS OF GREAT HANISH ISLAND ON THE SOUTHERN "SILL" OF THE RED SEA: A REGION WHERE ALL MARINE LIFE IS CONCENTRATED IN THE UPPER 100 FATHOMS, AND THE 1100 FATHOMS BELOW PROVED TO BE A "DEAD SEA" (PROBABLY OWING TO SEEPAGES OF OIL FROM ADJACENT LANDS), THE BOTTOM DEPOSITS BROUGHT UP BEING "REDOLENT OF ROTTEN EGGS."

Indus bed, will excite more controversy between the respective supporters of subsidence and of flotation. What, too, is the meaning of the third great range, 9000 ft. high, just discovered, that extends diagonally across our ocean bed from Chagos to Socotra, and seems closely to simulate the great submarine mountain ridge that stretches parallel to continental shores right down the centre of the Atlantic?

All irregularities in the sea floor result in confused seas in the surface ocean, these rendered dangerous by strong currents and heavy winds. Off the north-east of Africa, in the region of Cape Guardafui, is such an area, and, while the water samples analysed on board by the chemists of the *Mabahiss* show usually four currents alternately flowing in opposite directions from the surface to the bottom of the ocean, there are evidently complications here of great importance to navigation. The life obtained by trawling gives little help here, but there would seem to be differences in the kinds of animals, with resulting variations between the East African and Arabian slopes. The animals comprise a multitude of corals off East Africa, with their iridescently coloured fish and crustaceans of bizarre shapes, and the equally brilliant red and stony plants, replaced at 100 fathoms, where all is darkness, by a barrenness of life—and that mostly of ugly and dull coloration—increasing as the depths increase. All forms of animals are there: coiled and bivalved shells, sea-urchins and other starfish, many worms, and all sorts of sedentary beasts. There are many kinds of fish, lantern-jawed, blind, or with huge eyes, the light for these produced by their own phosphorescence. All look hungry, and, indeed, they must be, for in darkness there can be no plants, the ultimate food of all animals.

The ocean everywhere was thought to be peopled thus, save in enclosed basins, such as the Red Sea, where water circulation fails between the surface and the greater depths, this carrying the necessary oxygen. Yet, in the open ocean in the Gulf of Oman, north of Muscat and Bombay, a dead area has now been discovered,

extending everywhere below 100 fathoms. The bottom deposits are redolent of rotten eggs, an effect produced by a gas (sulphuretted hydrogen) inimical to all life. Pending chemical analyses, we can only speculate on oil seepages from adjacent lands.



FIG. 3. THE ANCHORAGE OF PORT VICTORIA, IN THE SEYCHELLES: A VIEW SHOWING THE PROTECTING GRANITE ISLETS—PEAKS OF A GREAT SUBMERGED RANGE THAT FORMED PART OF A VAST SOUTHERN CONTINENT WHILE THE ALPS AND HIMALAYAS WERE STILL UNDER THE SEA.

Arabian Sea, mapping its floor by means of echo-sounding gear, and taking water samples and temperatures, by the variations in which currents are determined at different depths from the surface to the bottom, usually over two miles below. The bottom deposits are being studied; the oozes, formed of the shells of the floating, surface-living organisms that have died; and the muds; while the bottom fauna is being collected by heavy trawls.

Eight cruises have been accomplished, a line of 20,000 miles of the ocean floor charted, and about 150 stations for water sampling and trawling duly taken. The Red Sea proved to be a "dead sea" in the bottom 1100 fathoms, all its life being concentrated in its upper 100 fathoms, this the depth of its shallow sill off Great Hanish Island (Fig. 2) at its southern end. The Red Sea and the Arabian Sea are largely coral seas, bounded by coral islets and reefs; but the south Arabian coast was devoid of coral life, barren lands and stratified cliffs, as seen in the Kuria Muria islands (illustrated in Fig. 4). Zanzibar and Pemba are elevated coral islands, into which the sea is cutting overhanging cliffs. The vegetation here consists largely of cacti and thick-leaved shrubs. All other islands were built of coral of recent date, except Seychelles, with its fine harbour (Fig. 3). These tiny granite islands are extraordinarily luxuriant, their plants and animals mostly of kinds peculiar to them.

Islands are a fascinating study, forming and disappearing; but how much more is imagination excited when man thinks of continents that once were! Evolution of plants and animals, an accepted



FIG. 4. STRATIFIED CLIFFS OF THE KURIA MURIA ISLANDS: FORMATIONS TYPICAL OF THE SOUTH ARABIAN COAST, DEVOID OF CORAL LIFE.

ocean that these mountains then represented there was perhaps again another great continent comprising all northern lands. Science wishes to know how the earth evolved to its present form, how these continents disrupted, either great slices sinking



TRICKS OF THE DRUG-TRAFFICKER CIRCUMVENTED:

HUSSEIN EL GERETLY, EX-SECRET SERVICE AGENT FOR BRITAIN, WHOSE DRUG-SMUGGLING "LEDGER" WAS FOUND IN A HOLLOW WALL.



A NOTORIOUS DRUG-SMUGGLER WHO WAS BROUGHT TO TRIAL AFTER THE NARCOTICS INVESTIGATION BUREAU HAD DISCOVERED HIS "LEDGER": HUSSEIN EL GERETLY; SOME TIME A SECRET AGENT FOR BRITAIN.

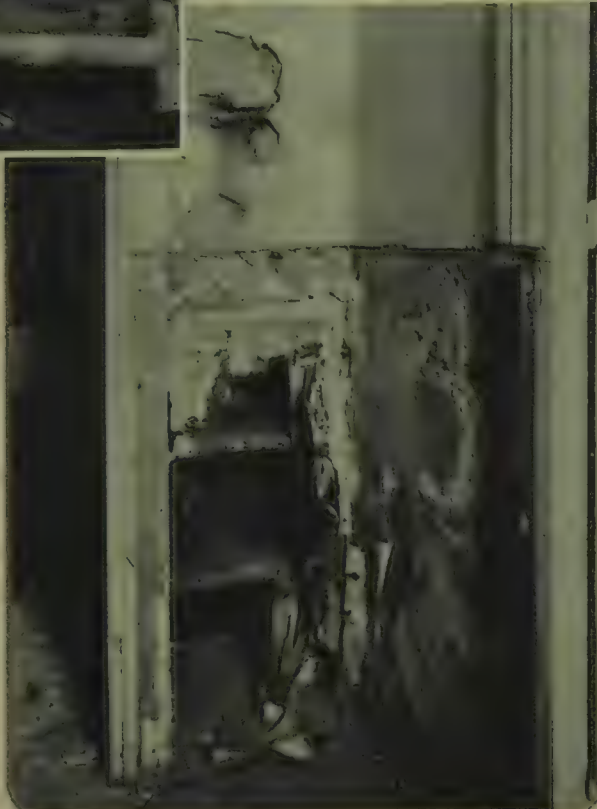


AFTER A RAID ON A DRUG-SMUGGLERS' DEN IN ALEXANDRIA: A DRUG-CACHE BROKEN OPEN BY OFFICERS OF THE NARCOTICS BUREAU IN THE KITCHEN OF THE HOUSE.



THE STOCK-IN-TRADE OF THE DRUG-SMUGGLER: SCALES; PAPER WRAPPING FOR DRUGS, AND FALSE BOXES FOR SMUGGLING DRUGS THROUGH THE CUSTOMS—THE BAG IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND CONTAINING LITTLE PACKETS OF "MANZOUL"—A DRUG MADE UP OF HASHISH AND SPICES TO RESEMBLE CHOCOLATES.

THE recently published annual report of the Central Narcotics Investigation Bureau makes it clear that the drug traffic in Egypt is now being got under. The number of addicts among convicts in Egyptian prisons has declined from over five thousand, in 1929, to 674. This being the case, the successful round-up of a drug-smuggling gang illustrated on this page is of unusual interest. It constitutes yet another amazing incident—of the "thriller" variety—added to the history of the struggle to stamp out the drug traffic. The course of this history—already exciting and romantic enough in its way, has been fully illustrated and described by us in recent years. In the case in question, following a raid by the Central Narcotics Investigation Bureau on the den of an international drug gang in Alexandria, evidence came to light on the strength of which sixty members of the gang were implicated, and a certain Cretan, Hussein el Geretly, was laid by the heels. Hussein has had quite a romantic career. He is now fifty-eight; he started gun-running and smuggling in 1898. He got comparatively honest employment under the Turkish Government during the Italo-Turkish war—smuggling arms and ammunition into Tripolitania. In his ship, the "Tachydromos," he successfully carried on running fights with Italian coastguards. In fact, the Turkish Government presented him with a new ship, the "Abd-el-Kader," in recognition of his services. In 1912 he was expelled from Egypt by Lord Kitchener and sent to Cyprus. He returned to Egypt, however, and continued gun-running and smuggling until the outbreak of the Great War. Owing to his wide knowledge of the Levantine underworld, he was engaged by the British authorities as a Secret Service agent in Athens, and set to discover by what means German submarines were provisioned in the Eastern Mediterranean. He found out that submarines paid nightly visits to Alexandria and left and received mails for enemy spies in Egypt! After the war he established himself on a small island off Crete, where he reopened his gun-running activities and drug-smuggling. He was successful in avoiding the authorities, until incriminating evidence was found in the form of an account book containing all his deals in drugs, which was discovered during a raid on the house of the head of an international gang of drug-traffickers in Alexandria. Geretly was sentenced, with sixty other members of the gang, by the Alexandrian Drug Court; he himself being punished with five years' imprisonment and a fine of a thousand pounds.



A HIDING-PLACE IN AN ALEXANDRIAN DRUG-SMUGGLING DEN: THE SECTION OF WALL WHICH CONCEALED THE "STOCK-IN-TRADE" SEEN ILLUSTRATED ABOVE; AND ALSO HUSSEIN EL GERETLY'S DRUG-SMUGGLING "LEDGER."



# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

PAINTING and opera are topical at the moment, when a new Royal Academy is about to burst into view at Burlington House, and the voices of a new season have just burst into song at Covent Garden. It would be invidious to suggest that I begin with the art pictorial

Because things seen are mightier than things heard,

for that proposition might not be accepted by all concerned. I have other reasons for opening my weekly "exhibition" of books with "POSTSCRIPT TO CRITICISM." By Carol Carstairs, author of "A Generation Missing." With four Colour-Plates and thirty-seven other full-page illustrations (Seeley Service; 30s.). This charming volume, like the king's daughter, is "all glorious within"—that is, in the beauty and abundance of the representative pictures chosen to illustrate the author's essays.

Perhaps the word "essay" is a trifle too ponderous in this connection; it makes one think of Macaulay or Matthew Arnold. What Mr. Carstairs gives us might rather be called "footnotes" to art criticism, for they are quite short, some occupying less than a page and none over five pages. He blends appreciative comment with reminiscences of painters whom he has known: His critical touch is light but sure, and his book makes very good reading. He does not tell us on what principle he has selected this particular group of painters, in style and period somewhat heterogeneous. The actual "team in the order of going in," neither entirely chronological nor yet alphabetical, is as follows: Goya, Gainsborough, Rembrandt, Constantin Guys, Manet, Renoir, Degas, Claude Monet, Forain, Brabazon, Whistler, Sargent, Orpen, McEvoy, Modigliani, Picasso, Derain, and Segonzac. Probably the author's choice was guided by individual taste, as indicated in his brief foreword, quoting a passage from A. E. Housman (on reading) which, Mr. Carstairs says, "best sums up my approach to criticism." It suggests that he offers his remarks as "personal opinions" rather than dogmatic pronouncements.

For readers of this paper there is a special interest in the note on Constantin Guys. Mr. Carstairs complains with some indignation that this artist's name is omitted from a certain national work of reference. "When," he writes, "you pause to consider Guys' own association with England—that he also was a volunteer in the Greek struggle for liberty and was at Missolonghi at the time Byron expired; that he was on the staff of the 'Illustrated London News'; that he represented that famous weekly during the Crimean War and contributed to its fame with drawings done on the spot; and that some of his best work is in the British Museum; that he was a figure with an intimate background of history, art, and letters—your sense of the justice of posterity will receive a rude shock. . . . 'Manet came under his influence,' a contemporary critic pointed out, 'Manet's portrait of "Baudelaire's Mistress" is merely an enlarged Guys drawing.' An illustrator Guys felt content to be. He had no desire to pose as anything more; yet from Baudelaire he obtained an artistic introduction equal to Victor Hugo's defence of Manet. . . . When Thackeray praised him in a London paper, Guys was furious." The moral seems to be that self-effacing persons seldom figure in works of reference.

I have just come across an interesting allusion to an Academy of long ago in a letter from Dr. Johnson's volatile friend, Mrs. Thrale (afterwards Mrs. Piozzi). Writing to her daughter on May 15, 1780, she says: "I have not seen Streatham yet—but I did steal five minutes to look at the Exhibition and an excessively brilliant one it is. The Picture of Una, the Gallery by Zoffany and West's Battles the most please me; tho' Angelica has some glorious performances there, and Cosway's Love and Innocence is masterly. Seward is there but not very like." The Royal Academy, it may be recalled, was founded in 1768, and in 1780, the year of Mrs. Thrale's visit, it was held for the first time at Somerset House. The "Una" to which she refers was Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of Topham Beauclerk's daughter Elizabeth, as "Una with the Lion." The Angelica was Angelica Kaufmann, R.A. I must add that this display of apparent learning on my part is really due to the excellent annotation of "THE QUEENEY LETTERS." Being Letters Addressed to Hester Maria Thrale by Dr. Johnson, Fanny Burney, and Mrs. Thrale-Piozzi. Edited by the Marquis of Lansdowne (Cassell; 20s. 6d.).

Hester Maria, the eldest of Mrs. Thrale's children, was born in 1764. She owed her nickname to Dr. Johnson himself, who called her his "Queen Esther," subsequently shortened to "Queeney." For the next twenty years, until his death, he took a lively interest in her education and her moral welfare; so much so, in fact, as to arouse her mother's jealousy. Most of Johnson's letters to her, forming the first part of this volume, appeared in a previous book, "Johnson and Queeney," but others have been added, and the rest of the present volume, apparently, consists of hitherto unpublished material. It is all admirably edited, and forms a delightful addition to the body of Johnsoniana. Queeney married in 1808 a distinguished Admiral, Lord Keith, who, as Commander-in-Chief of the Channel Fleet, received the surrender of Napoleon and arranged his transport to St. Helena. Lord Keith died in 1823, but Queeney lived on for thirty-five years. "She was the last survivor," we read, "of all the persons mentioned in *Boswell*." Her only daughter, Georgiana, the last of the Thrale family, lived till 1892, and her property

manuscript journal, known as "Thraliana," now in the Huntington Library at San Marino, California, is to be published in its entirety.

One of the new anecdotes shows Dr. Johnson as a far-sighted observer of what we should now call imperial politics. Writing in 1796, on a date memorable in English history, April 23, Mrs. Thrale says: "When first the American War began, you and I and Dr. Johnson and Dr. Lort were going in a carriage over London Bridge together, and 'Look Sir, Look there,' cries poor dear Lort, with an air of triumph, 'Look out of the window and see we have taken an American Ship—yonder is the flag, their Thirteen Stripes, flying in our River.' 'Alas Sir,' replies Johnson, 'it is much more afflicting to me that the Americans should have a flag separate from ours, than it is consoling to me that their flag should be taken and brought hither—if you please will you pull up the glass.'"

Operatic literature, so far as I know, has not received very recent additions, but I must recall briefly two notable books that have a strong appeal for opera-goers. In "FEMALE PIPINGS IN EDEN" (Peter Davies; 8s. 6d.), Dame Ethel Smyth has gathered an interesting miscellany of essays, reminiscences, and biographical studies, written with her usual "anti-man" gusto and vivacity. The chief item is a memoir of Mrs. Pankhurst (whose portrait forms the frontispiece)—a fine piece of heroine-worship. Emmeline Pankhurst, we are reminded, was more than the militant leader in the struggle for the rights of woman. "No one believed more profoundly in the high destiny of the British Empire. It was her most impassioned desire to rouse the youth of England to a sense of its great heritage." Dame Smyth also gives us a short "internezzo" concerning Lilian Baylis, of Vic-Wells fame. She will doubtless rejoice in the A.R.A. just conferred on Mrs. Dod Procter, though possibly she may consider it an overdue honour.

Opera-goers of the elder generation must not neglect a biography which will set them "revolving many memories," namely, "JEAN DE RESZKE, AND THE GREAT DAYS OF OPERA." By Clara Leiser. With a Foreword by Amherst Webber and numerous illustrations (Gerald Howe; 18s.). Apart from their operatic fame, Jean de Reszke and his brother Edouard, who also figures prominently in the book, were both men of singularly lovable personality. Their lifelong friendship and association on the stage, and their complete lack of professional jealousy towards other singers, renders this biography peculiarly attractive. They were of Polish birth, and there is an interesting little anecdote about a famous compatriot of theirs. When Jean de Reszke was in America, someone asked him: 'Who do you think is the most popular artist in New York, M. de Reszke?'; and like a flash came the answer: 'Pas de Reszke'; for Paderewski was present."

Another volume of great interest and practical utility to all devotees of this branch of music, both past and present, is "THE COMPLETE OPERA BOOK." The Stories of the Operas, together with 410 of the Leading Airs and Motives in Musical Notation. By Gustav Kobbé. With 63 Portraits in Costume and Scenes from Opera (Putnam; 8s. 6d.). From a journalist's point of view, this book is a godsend, and the compiler's task has been done very thoroughly. Dame Ethel Smyth cannot complain of having been overlooked by a masculine editor, for he allots eight pages to synopses of "Fête Galante," "The Boatwain's Mate," and "The Wreckers," together with an introductory note on her career.

The de Reszke repartee quoted above reminds me that I have in hand also three important volumes of musical biography—"PADEREWSKI," the Story of a Modern Immortal. By Charles Phillips, author of "The New Poland." With Introduction by Edward Mandell House and four illustrations (Macmillan; 16s.); "PADEREWSKI." By Rom Landau. With fourteen illustrations (Ivor Nicholson; 18s.); and "RACHMANINOFF'S RECOLLECTIONS." Told to Otto von Riesemann. Illustrated (George Allen and Unwin; 20s. 6d.). These books must be reserved for a later programme. To any calls of *Encore* at the moment, I can only answer *Tout de suite!* C. E. B.



THE GROWTH OF A CITY IN TWENTY-FIVE YEARS: TEL AVIV AS IT WAS IN 1909—THE FIRST LEVELLINGS OF THE SAND DUNES ON THE SITE.



THE GROWTH OF A CITY IN TWENTY-FIVE YEARS: TEL AVIV AS IT IS TO-DAY—AN AIR VIEW FROM THE SEA, SHOWING GREAT DEVELOPMENTS IN THE JEWISH TOWN WHERE THE LEVANT FAIR IS BEING HELD.

The Levant Fair, which has been described as a "startlingly grandiose display," was opened at Tel Aviv on April 26 by Sir Arthur Wauchope, High Commissioner for Palestine. On his way thither, he had also opened a new civil aviation ground, prepared in connection with the Fair, at a point three miles from Lydda. Tel Aviv itself is situated on the coast to the north of Jaffa. The rapidity with which this new Jewish city has developed, on a site which twenty-five years ago consisted of bare sand dunes, is strikingly illustrated by the contrast between our two photographs.—[Photograph by the American Colony, Jerusalem.]

passed to the late Lord Lansdowne, grandson of Lord Keith's daughter by his first marriage. Thus arose the Bowood association with the subject. The manuscripts from Lord Keith's Scottish home were brought to England in 1904, "but it was not till some years afterwards that the Queeney letters were discovered amongst them."

This correspondence is remarkably interesting for the fresh light it throws on Dr. Johnson and his circle (notably in new anecdotes about him culled from Mrs. Thrale's letters), and also as a revelation of character evoked by the bitter family feud over her second marriage, to the music-master, Gabriel Piozzi. A mother of twelve children might have been considered immune from passion. But apparently it was not so, and one can well understand the comment of Fanny Burney, herself deeply moved by the affair: "I have seen and judged characters all my life instinctively: but hers passes all my calculations." It must be admitted, however, that as a correspondent, if not as a parent, Mrs. Thrale is very satisfactory. Her letters are highly entertaining, and it is welcome news that her



# LONDON AUDIENCES AS BLAMPIED SEES THEM: "THE GALLERY."

SPECIALY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY EDMUND BLAMPIED.



"REACTIONS TO COMEDY."



"REACTIONS TO TRAGEDY."

We here offer our readers the third and fourth drawings in a new series of studies by that eminent modern artist, Edmund Blampied. Numbers 1 and 2 of this series appeared in our issue of April 21, and showed the

reactions of the audience in the stalls—in contrast to that in the gallery, as shown on this page. We have previously given five series of Blampied drawings.



## Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

"HOLY DEADLOCK" will be widely read. Its human interest ensures that, apart from the witty writing. A novel with a cutting edge, it is the perfect weapon with which A. P. Herbert is armed to attack the cumbrous body of the English law of divorce.

John and Mary Adam, having been married incompatibly for nine years and parted for two, decided upon divorce. They believed, innocently, that in these days divorce is an easy matter. John would "behave like a gentleman." There would be a technical infidelity on his part, and then they would be free. He would be required to take a week-end trip to Brighton with a young person supplied by a discreet agency. The excursion would be—and was—repugnant to a decent man, but he was willing to submit to it for Mary's sake. It was not John, but the law, that insisted on evidence of immorality. As Mr. Boom, his lawyer, said: "You and your wife should be able to go to the Court and say—'My lord, long ago, when we were very young, we entered into the difficult partnership called marriage. We made a mistake, but an excusable mistake. We made a long and honest attempt to keep the partnership going. It's not a case of recklessness or wickedness. We've tried hard, but we cannot live happily together. Our nerves, our health, our work, our usefulness to the state, are suffering damage. The partnership is a failure. It has failed to provide children for the country or a reasonably contented life for ourselves. We wish to be free, either to live alone or to marry again.'"

Such an appeal cannot be accepted. In other civilised countries, yes; but not in England. Mr. Herbert proceeds, with a devastating irony, to point out what it is that is acceptable, and in what a morass of perplexity and torment and shamefulness—not to speak of extravagant expense—John and Mary were condemned to flounder, and how it was that they remained legally shackled to the end. John's reaction to Mr. Boom's instruction to him in the principles of divorce procedure was a perfectly natural one. "Are you raving?" said John Adam. But Mr. Boom was not raving. He was expounding English law.

If you read in succession Michael Sholokhov's "And Quiet Flows the Don," Fannie Hurst's "Anitra's Dance," and Margaret Masterman's "The Grandmother"—a Russian, an American, and an English novel—you will find they have one thing in common. The struggle against frustration runs through them all. In the Russian book, which follows the course of Cossack life before, during, and after the Great

War, the way to deliverance is affirmed to lie in the political future. "How poisonous and petty," says Anna to her lover, "seems any care for the achievement of one's own individual little happiness at the present time! What does it signify in comparison with the human happiness which suffering humanity will achieve through the revolution? You know, Ilya, that I perceive the future life like a distant, distant, magically beautiful music. . . ." And it is well for Anna that she can escape into ecstasy. In "And Quiet Flows the Don" the Cossack life is brutish in peace, and in war and civil war the frightfulness and misery that saturate it are unspeakable. The book closes with the butchery of an inoffensive man. He is shovelled into the earth on the steppe. Presently, in contrast with human anguish, and in wind and sun and the air scented with thyme, a pair of bustards, instinctively aware of the right to live in happiness, build a nest and rear their young above his grave.

In "Anitra's Dance" Bruno, the musical genius whose frail, tormenting inward light must live alone, is the shrinking housemate of "the suet preponderance" of his wife Gersta. "Suet. Desuetude. Squalor of conception. A man immeasurably smaller than his dream," says Miss Hurst with her staccato emphasis. The book is a turgid study of the art world of New York and American Jewry.

The grossness of humanity is stifling, and Bruno passes and repasses in the grips of his frustration. The crowding of these people together, physically and spiritually, is terrible. Anitra, the white flower, the flash of sun on a mirror, who is Bruno's daughter, lies down on her over-dressed bed and dies of a hæmorrhage. Not even her father's art can open the windows of "Anitra's Dance" and let the fresh air in.

Margaret Masterman's canvas is smaller. "The Grandmother" conveys, with much humour and practical insight, the commonplace atmosphere of a semi-detached villa. Anyone who has arrived in a so-called English pleasure resort on a wet Sunday will understand why the words "depression" and "depressing" are reiterated in the description of Southstone. Miss Masterman, however, does not hug realism too closely. She provides sentimental avenues of release for her prisoners before the juices are altogether dried up in them. The grandmother is one of those vampirical women who tyrannise over unmarried daughters, and wield an astonishing amount of power by the calculated display of feebleness. Old Mrs. Roberts is proceeding to immolate a lively grandchild, Kitty, on the domestic pyre that is slowly consuming

Winslow, who is very young, arrives among them with the intention of improving himself and getting on. What he learns in his three years at Geary's is that he could not drink (a valuable bit of knowledge), that the thin-skinned goes to the wall, that ability without assurance is a drug on the market, and that unworthy ambitions succeed. It is all very well told, but it leaves a queer taste in one's mouth, and the feeling that if these young men are the typical employees of a typical manufacturing concern, so much the worse for Britain. It would be comforting if one could believe that it is only Mr. McGraw's high spirits, or that he is talking through his hat. "Rude Society" is worth reading. It is a shocker, but not in the sense in which the word is usually applied.

The attitude of Michael Murray's young Scotsman in London is to divide its population into the sheep and the goats. Celts and foreigners are good and desirable company, whether they be conventionally virtuous or not. The English are an inferior race that is decadent or otherwise objectionable. It is a pity the author of "The

Noblest Prospect" is plagued by this itch of uneasy nationalism, for the adventures of Kenneth Morrison are sensitively related, the writing gives one a keen pleasure, and it is a novel out of the common run. "Child of Norman's End," by Ernest Raymond, is a homely, warm-hearted chronicle of middle-class families at Norman's End, which we take to be the part of West London once familiar to Mr. Compton Mackenzie. The action covers about the same period as "Sinister Street." The fortunes of the Coventrys, the O'Kelvies, and the Damiens are kindly recorded. Victorian idiosyncrasies are given full play, and a vigorous Victorian grandmamma is hit off to the life. The historical landmarks are the Jubilee and the funeral of the old Queen. Hearts ached in the 'nineties, then as now, and the younger generation made its experiences, which were not as essentially different from the experiences of the nineteen-thirties as their successors imagine. The emotional spirit of the time has been recaptured, and the war is left hidden in the future.

The far horizons are explored in "Port o' Missing Men," by P. C. Wren, and "Gold," by Gideon Clark. Both these books are romance, and good romance too. You need fairly strong nerves to read Mr. Wren's short stories of the Foreign Legion, over which Arab tortures and *le cafard* are sprinkled liberally. On the other hand, tales of desperate fighting and the manliness of valiant outcasts should be stimulating. "Gold" opens attractively in the frozen North-West, and swings along with a spirited account of rough dealings in Johnson City, and the case of the man who hoarded sacks of gold in a secret cave until he had amassed millions. His marriage with the lost and despairing Sue, whom Johnson City had "run out," is dramatically told. It is when Frank and Sue emerge from their cave and appear in the great world that the story goes off the rails. Mr. Clark would have been wiser to have kept them out of high society.

"Dream Tea," the fragment that gives its title to a collection of the late Mrs. Adams Beck's writings, is beautiful, but the rest of the material is of far greater interest.

It is for the treatise on mysticism at the beginning that most people will read "Dream Tea." Masterlinck and Thomas Trehearne are Mrs. Beck's masters in the interpretation of dreams and trances: it is evident that Jerry and French have passed her by. Her intention is concentrated on reincarnation and the mysteries of religious experience. "The Case of Magdalen Dacre" is sheer melodrama, and was hardly worth including in the volume.

Detective stories this month are "Corpse in Cold Storage," by Milward Kennedy, "The Unfinished Clue," by Georgette Heyer, and "Murder—Nine and Out," by J. V. Turner. "Corpse in Cold Storage" continues the predatory career of Sir George and Lady Bull, who appeared in "Bull's Eye." It is a complicated affair, and, frankly, we don't care for the Bulls, who track down a vicious murderer and let him go so that they may blackmail him. "The Unfinished Clue" presupposes that a husband will not recognise his discarded wife after a lapse of years, even when she sits at his dinner-table. The crime is well arranged, and the hue and cry is lively. "Murder—Nine and Out" is the best of these books. It is staged in the London underworld, which always repays exploration. The boxing match makes a smart curtain-raiser, and the murder comes like a thunder-clap.



A FINE SCULPTURE IN THE R.A.: "SIR VICTOR SASSOON'S 'HOT NIGHT.'"—BY HERBERT HASELTINE. This *cire-perdue* bronze of "Hot Knight" adds yet another to Mr. Haseltine's fine sculptures of animals. "Hot Night" (Bay; 1924) is by "Tubbercurry" (b. 1916)—"Gay Crusader" (b. 1914). He was bred at the Sledmere Stud, and Sir Victor Sassoon bought him as a yearling for 3800 guineas. He was second in a field of twenty-three in "Call Boy's" Derby, and second in a field of sixteen in "Book Law's" St. Leger. He was sent to the stud in 1929.

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Kitty's Aunt Bessy, when death removes her. Miss Masterman has a light touch, and this is an entertaining book.

That "Rude Society," a first novel by Hugh P. McGraw, is amusing, is true enough. It is a close-up of the office in an engineering works. The staff of Messrs. Geary and North, Ltd., electrical engineers, are slack, unscrupulous, incompetent and bibulous. They scramble through their work with the minimum of effort and efficiency. Peter

### BOOKS REVIEWED.

- Holy Deadlock. By A. P. Herbert. (Methuen; 7s. 6d.)  
 And Quiet Flows the Don. By Michael Sholokhov. (Pulnam; 7s. 6d.)  
 Anitra's Dance. By Fannie Hurst. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)  
 The Grandmother. By Margaret Masterman. (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 7s. 6d.)  
 Rude Society. By H. P. McGraw. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)  
 The Noblest Prospect. By Michael Murray. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.)  
 Child of Norman's End. By Ernest Raymond. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)  
 Port o' Missing Men. By P. C. Wren. (Murray; 7s. 6d.)  
 Gold. By Gideon Clark. (Grayson; 7s. 6d.)  
 Dream Tea. By L. Adams Beck. (Benn; 7s. 6d.)  
 Corpse in Cold Storage. By Milward Kennedy. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)  
 The Unfinished Clue. By Georgette Heyer. (Longmans; 7s. 6d.)  
 Murder—Nine and Out. By J. V. Turner. (Bles; 7s. 6d.)



# THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1934: Notable Pictures in the 166th Exhibition.



THE FIRST P.R.A.—IN 1768: SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (1723-1792)—A SELF-PORTRAIT.

After the Engraving by J. K. Sherwin.



ONE OF THE 36 ORIGINAL R.A.s: THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH (1727-1788)—A SELF-PORTRAIT.

By Courtesy of the Royal Academy.



SIR JOHN LAVERY'S "CONVERSATION PIECE" PORTRAYING THE PRIME MINISTER ON HOLIDAY AT LOSSIEMOUTH: MR. MACDONALD IN THE KITCHEN OF HIS HOME, WITH HIS DAUGHTER, MISS ISHBEL MACDONALD, AND A MAID.

The Royal Academy of 1934 is to open at Burlington House on May 7, and, according to custom, we reproduce in the concurrent week a number of the most striking among the new pictures. As an example of portraiture in the form known as a "conversation piece," the painting given above in colour has outstanding interest, both as a work of art and as a glimpse into the home life of a great public figure in modern politics. We need hardly point out that Sir John Lavery, who since 1932 has been President of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, is one of the most eminent of living artists, and he has found here a congenial subject that has evoked all his skill. It is an intimate picture of the Prime Minister, seated reading in the kitchen of his house at Lossiemouth, while his daughter, Miss Ishbel

MacDonald, on the settle opposite, is busy with her knitting and discussing domestic matters with a maid. It was reported that the idea of the picture came to Sir John last year while he was staying at the Premier's Scottish home, and that he painted the kitchen on the spot and roughed-in the principal figure. Later, Mr. MacDonald gave him sittings in London. It was at Lossiemouth, a fishing village on the Moray Firth, that the present head of the National Government was born, in 1866, and his house there, "The Hillocks," is still his favourite retreat for a restful holiday. He built it for his mother a few years before the war, and it was there, in 1911, that she died. Close by is a tiny cottage that was his own first home.

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A. COPYRIGHT RESERVED FOR THE ARTIST BY "THE ROYAL ACADEMY ILLUSTRATED."



# The Royal Academy, 1934: A Remarkable Work of Portraiture.

FROM THE PAINTING BY GERALD L. BROCKHURST, A.R.A. COPYRIGHT RESERVED FOR THE ARTIST.



"YGGDRASIL": BY GERALD L. BROCKHURST, A.R.A.

*A Portrait of Mrs. Constant Lambert.*

Among the portraits in this year's Royal Academy, an exceptionally attractive example is this very striking work by Mr. Gerald L. Brockhurst, A.R.A. The picture is entitled "Yggdrasil" (the name of the mystic tree in Norse mythology) and is described as a portrait of Mrs. Constant Lambert. She is the wife of the composer who is conductor to the Camargo Ballet Society and the Vic-Wells Ballet, and, before her marriage in 1931, was Florence Kaye, the film actress. Mr. Brockhurst is noted for the power and felicity with which he portrays feminine

heads of an arresting or unusual type. Previous instances, we may recall, were reproduced in colour in our issue of December 16, 1933 (a picture entitled "Dorette," shown in last year's Academy), and in that of December 5, 1931 ("Young Womanhood," from the Academy of that year). Mr. Brockhurst was born at Birmingham in 1890. He studied at the Royal Academy School in London, and has gained many high distinctions in art. In 1928 he was a member of the jury for the International Exhibition at Venice.



# The Royal Academy, 1934; Royal Portraiture in Burlington House.

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"H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL, COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD, G.B.E."—  
BY SIMON ELWES.



"H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE."—BY CATHLEEN MANN.



"H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK."—BY OSWALD BIRLEY.



"HIS MAJESTY THE KING, SENIOR BENCHET OF LINCOLN'S INN."—  
BY OSWALD BIRLEY.

THE portrait of the Princess Royal is a presentation made to the Royal Scots, in commemoration of their tercentenary, by their Colonel-in-Chief, otherwise, the Princess Royal herself, who was gazetted on August 31, 1918.—The full title of the Duchess of York's portrait is: "H.R.H. the Duchess of York, G.B.E., Colonel-in-Chief, the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry."



## The Royal Academy, 1934: Subject Pictures and Portraiture.

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THE portrait of Miss Flora Robson shows that excellent actress in burlesqued melodrama—"Lady Audley's Secret"—as presented at the Arts Theatre Club, in London, early last year. Lately, she has been playing Lady Macbeth, to the Macbeth of Mr. Charles Laughton, at the Old Vic and at Sadler's Wells.



"DERBY DAY—SEVENTY-NINE YEARS AFTER FRITH."—BY A. E. COOPER.



"SEA-BORN VENUS."—BY J. B. SOUTER.



"FLOWER-MARKET, CAPETOWN."—BY GRACE WHEATLEY.

CAPETOWN—as our readers have good cause to remember, for we have illustrated its beauties and its amenities many times—boasts scores of attractive "sights": natural, man-created, and domestic. In her "Flower-market" picture, Mrs. Wheatley has chosen a subject from the last of the three phases.—In "Creatures of To-day," Mr. Russell Flint, although in somewhat classic mood, concerns himself with the modern—the athleticism, the firm, graceful form of the young woman of to-day. Another of his pictures—"The Choice"—is reproduced on page 692.

'MISS FLORA  
ROBSON AS  
LADY AUDLEY.'  
—BY MRS. JOHN  
COPLEY (G. N.  
BAIN).



"FAMILY GROUP."—BY R. GUTHRIE.



"CREATURES OF TO-DAY."—BY W. RUSSELL FLINT, R.A.



# The Royal Academy, 1934: Subjects Religious, Secular, and Military.

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"THE CRYPT, ST. MARTIN IN THE FIELDS."—BY GEORGE HARCOURT, R.A.



"THE NEWCOMER."—BY AGNES C. TATHAM.



"THE CARDINAL'S KITCHEN."—BY FRED ROE.



"A TROOPER, SCOTS GREYS; 1807." (REAR VIEW)—BY A. J. MUNNINGS, R.A.



"A TROOPER, SCOTS GREYS; 1807." (SIDE VIEW)—BY A. J. MUNNINGS, R.A.





### The Royal Academy, 1934: Notable Works of Allegory and Actuality.

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MR. MARK SYMONS has kindly supplied us with a note in explanation of his picture, "Historic Christianity," he writes, "teaches that the Earthly Paradise is not a dream but a fact. We did originate there, by sin lost it, and will end there (see Revelation). My picture in an allegorical manner illustrates this fact, with the complementary idea, 'Blessed are the little children, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' Hence, too, Christ is there, as a child. One procession is of children, another of grown people. Angels are present in shining white garments. The newcomers, outside among the ruins of 'men's Babels,' are ordinary sinful men and women. At the top is a quotation from that wonderful book, 'The Satan Slipper,' by Paul Claudel."—Admiral John Benbow (1653-1702) fought his last fight in August 1702, when, as Commander-in-Chief in the West Indies, he pursued a French squadron near Santa Marta. During the action, his right leg was shattered by a chain shot, but, when his wound was dressed, he had himself brought back to the quarter-deck and remained there all night. He died of his wounds, in Jamaica, on November 4.—"The Choice"—a romantic quest—illustrates a custom that is not peculiar to one country. Young men and women who are eager to find sweethearts, but are uncertain as to whom to favour, seek to let Dame Fortune decide for them. Toy boats are fashioned and set afloat, and on every sail is a name. Till each girl, having died for her turn, is blindfolded, and so, innocent of what is in store, gropes until she touches a boat: the name on the sail is that of her future suitor. The other picture here reproduced explains itself.

"THE EARTHLY  
PARADISE,"—  
BY  
MARK SYMONS.

"THE LAST FIGHT  
OF OLD BENBOW,"—  
BY  
A. D. MCCORMICK.



"THE CHOICE"—BY W. RUSSELL FLINT, R.A.



"LUNCH AT THE CHELSEA ARTS CLUB"—BY T. C. DUGDALE.



**The Royal Academy, 1934: Figure Subjects;  
A Famous London House; and a Commemoration Portrait.**

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"KENSINGTON GARDENS."—BY REX VICAT COLE.



"A RIDING ACT."—BY DAME LAURA KNIGHT, D.B.E., A.R.A.



"GRACE DARLING AND HER TERNS."—BY MAXWELL ARMFIELD.



"JOHN WESLEY."—BY F. O. SALISBURY:  
PORTRAIT PAINTED TO COMMEMORATE THE  
CONSUMMATION OF THE METHODIST CHURCHES.



"A FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE."—BY HAROLD HARVEY.



"A WEDDING IN SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL."—  
BY L. CAMPBELL TAYLOR, R.A.



"THE DRAWING-ROOM, LONDONDERRY HOUSE."—BY RICHARD JACK, R.A.



## The Royal Academy, 1934: Men of Eminence in Various Walks of Life.

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"MR. W. W. ASTOR WITH THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY DRAGHOUNDS."—

BY A. J. MUNNINGS, R.A.

"VISCOUNT  
ROTHERMERE."—  
BY HAROLD  
KNIGHT, A.R.A.

Lord Rothermere, it seems almost superfluous to point out, is the chief proprietor of the "Daily Mail," the "Daily Mirror," the "Evening News," and various other papers, as well as of numerous periodicals. With the late Lord Northcliffe, he founded the Harmsworth newspaper dynasty. He was Air Minister, 1917—1918.



"SIR ALMROTH WRIGHT."—BY GERALD F. KELLY, R.A.



"THE HON. SIR ERIC DRUMMOND."—BY GERALD F. KELLY, R.A.

"SIR ALFRED  
GILBERT, R.A."—  
BY A. T. NOWELL,

Sir Alfred Gilbert is the distinguished sculptor whose work is known the world over. His "Eros" (the Shaftesbury Memorial Fountain in Piccadilly Circus) is familiar to all. Most recently he sculpted the Queen Alexandra Memorial, Marlborough House. He was knighted in 1932, the year in which he resumed membership of the Royal Academy, which he had resigned in 1909.





## The Royal Academy, 1934:

## Characteristic Portraits.

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MRS. DUDLEY MADDICK.—BY T. MARTINE RONALDSON.



"JAMES PRYDE, ESQ."—BY H. JAMES GUNN.

"THE RT. REV. LORD WILLIAM CECIL, BISHOP OF EXETER."—  
BY MEREDITH FRAMPTON, A.R.A."THE RT. HON. VISCOUNT LEE OF FAREHAM, P.C., G.C.B., G.C.S.I."—  
BY H. JAMES GUNN.









## A "DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGE"

Mystery surrounds the identity of the distinguished personage whose world-famous features have now been immortalised in this brilliant portrait by Miss Anna Zinkeisen. Little is known of him beyond the fact that he is an authority on good living and a fine judge of cigarettes, and that his favourite motto is, "De Reszke—of course!"



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## SNAILS WHICH HAVE LOST THEIR SHELLS AND THEIR SHAPE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

I HAVE not yet seen a snail either in my garden or paddock—how some gardeners will envy me! And I have seen but two slugs—the great black slug and a smaller species, also black, but with narrow white stripes running down the body. And my neighbour's gardener tells me that he also is troubled neither by snails, nor slugs. I must try and find out why they avoid us, which I hope they will continue to do. But there must be something which prevents them from getting a foothold here.

But this by the way. At the moment the slug is uppermost in my mind; not from the gardener's, but from the zoologist's point of view. Why has the slug no shell? Some, it is true, have a vestige left, but it has to be carefully sought for. Now, what agencies have been at work to cause the disappearance of the spirally-twisted house of the snail tribe? In the slug the body is straight. What brought about the spiral shell and the twisted body I want to enlarge upon in the near future, when this matter of the peculiarities of the slug tribe can be gone into.

This postponement is necessary because I want now to say something of a number of marine "shell-fish" which have also lost their shells more or less completely. The whelks and periwinkles, and a host more of these sea-dwellers, have a spirally-coiled shell like those of land-snails. Why is it that quite a considerable number of species have lost it, or have merely a vestige of that shell? But more than this; while some are slug-like in form, others have changed the shape of their bodies in very striking ways, and these changes have been accompanied by profound changes in the mode of life, for which at present no satisfactory explanation is forthcoming.

But let me cite cases of this kind to give my readers something to take hold of, so to speak. Let me take first the case of *Tethys*. Who, save those who can claim to be "conchologists," would suppose this to be a "mollusc," akin to the whelk and the periwinkle? It does not even remotely resemble one of the shellfish. Its whitish, semi-transparent body is said to be phosphorescent. Down each side, as will be seen in Fig. 3, run a number of fusiform, leg-like projections, irregularly spotted. From the fact that they can readily be cast off without injury to the body, they were at one time supposed to be parasites. Their precise function does not seem to be known, but it is suggested that they are partially respiratory. True gills, however, small and transparent, are lodged between them. Generally creeping about or burrowing in search of molluscs and crustacea on the sea-floor, it can, on occasion, take to swimming, the body being driven forwards by a sculling-like motion of the shovel-shaped head and writhing movements of the body.

This group of "nudibranch" molluscs, so called because their gills are fully exposed, present a surprising variety of forms. All agree, however, in having no shell, though in the early stages of their existence they do possess a shell, shaped like that

of a nautilus, and closed at will by means of a lid or "operculum" attached to the foot, as in the case of the whelk or the periwinkle. But this shell is soon discarded, the naked body assuming strange shapes and often brilliant colouring. Over one hundred species are to be found on the British coasts.

The strange-looking *Tethys* (Fig. 3) stands in

about among these creatures as though he led a charmed life. More than this, he actually hunts and feeds upon sea-anemones and equips himself with the armature of his victims. For while the body of the anemone is completely digested, the stinging-cells, in some miraculous way, are unharmed, and transferred from the stomach to those finger-like

processes along the back, to resume their functions once again as stinging-cells. I can recall no other similar case in the whole animal kingdom. The more one ponders over this strange translation, the more mysterious it appears. What is it that saves these stinging-cells from the effects of the gastric juices of the stomach of this voracious creature? And how came it about that they should so aptly make their way up into these finger-like outgrowths of the back, whence they can be easily discharged, and not, say, into the foot, where they could serve no useful purpose?

There is yet another of these sea-slugs with remarkable endowments. This is the sea-hare (*Aplysia punctata*). It is, indeed,

the best known of all, for it has borne an evil reputation for centuries, though quite undeserved. For some reason it has always been accounted poisonous, perhaps because of its rather unpleasant smell, and the habit, when alarmed, of squirting out a violet "ink" from glands in the mantle. This mantle, which forms the shell in the ordinary mollusc, is voluminous, and can be outspread to form a pair of wings, enabling it to swim with ease and speed.

But besides this violet "ink," it can, when swimming, eject a white fluid, which serves the purpose of a "smoke-screen," recalling the "ink-cloud" of the cuttlefish. The ancients regarded this white fluid as poisonous, and used it in the preparation of poisons and magic draughts. Those to whom they were administered were supposed to linger on in agonies till the sea-hare died!

The fact that while the "sea-slugs" are, for the most part, confined to the sea-floor, some, as I have said, can swim when occasion demands. Others, possessing this greater freedom to a still larger extent, at last came to live entirely in the open ocean, hiding and resting in floating seaweed. A remarkable example of this kind is seen in *Glaucus atlanticus*, wherein the body has developed lateral outgrowths, fringed on each side, to increase their powers of suspension in the water. This species was commonly brought up in the tow-net in the open Atlantic during the voyage of the *Challenger*, showing that it has adjusted itself entirely to a life in the open ocean. *Glaucus* has now "burnt its boats." It can no more return to a life on the sea-floor than could *Dendronotus* take to a life in the open ocean.



1. A MOLLUSC WITHOUT A SHELL, OFTEN FOUND BETWEEN THE TIDE-MARKS ON OUR COASTS: *EOLIS CORONATA*, WHOSE BODY IS OF A DELICATE PINKISH WHITE BEARING LONG BRIGHT CRIMSON "TENTACLES" CONTAINING STING-CELLS.

In some lights, the crimson parts of this slug flash out the brightest blue, lending the animal a wonderful beauty. It feeds upon "hydroids," commonly mistaken for seaweeds. Like the grey sea-slug it also passes the sting-cells of its victims, relations of the anemones, into its gills.

strong contrast with the "leafy sea-slug" (*Dendronotus frondosus*), considered to be one of the most beautiful of all its tribe. It is about two inches long, red-brown in colour, and streaked and spotted with white. But its chief glory lies in the branching, feathery tufts formed by the "gills" which cover the back. These, simulating the most delicate sea-weeds, harmonise perfectly with the branching coral-lines among which and on which it feeds.

Another and remarkable member of this tribe common on our shores is the "grey sea-slug" (*Eolis papillosa*). Measuring up to three inches in length, it is the largest of our nudibranches. Down each side of the back runs a broad band of translucent, finger-like outgrowths, producing a furry appearance. These function as gills and give to the body the appearance of a vestment of grey satin. But when closely examined they are found to be spotted by pigments of many colours—brown, purple, lilac, and white, on a brown, grey, or orange background, producing in combination the coloration which first strikes the eye.

It lives among the bladder-wrack, the haunt of the

sea-anemones on which it feeds. Now, there are two very remarkable facts about this association. The anemones are all provided with stinging-cells, so that whatever animal touches them is in danger of instant paralysis, the effect of the poisonous, barbed, stinging threads which are discharged by the touch. Creatures with a hard shell are more or less effectively protected, but soft-bodied animals make easy victims. Now, other species of sea-slug, if and when they bring upon themselves the discharge of these batteries, are doomed to a speedy death. Yet the grey sea-slug crawls



2. A SHELL-LESS MOLLUSC THAT BRINGS TO MIND SOME PLAYFUL FANTASY OF A VENETIAN GLASS-WORKER: *GLAUCUS*, WHICH LIVES IN THE OPEN OCEAN ON FLOATING SEAWEED.

The lateral outgrowths of the translucent body serve to sustain *Glaucus* while swimming. The beautiful translucent blue colour of the body makes it almost invisible when moving through the water. It swims with its gills.



3. AN ODD-LOOKING MOLLUSC—SHELL-LESS, YET AKIN TO THE FAMILIAR WHELK AND PERIWINKLE: *TETHYS LEPORINA*, ONE OF THE LARGEST OF THE SEA-SLUGS, HAVING A WHITISH SEMI-TRANSPARENT BODY WITH LEG-LIKE PROJECTIONS WHICH CAN BE CAST OFF WITHOUT INJURY.

*Tethys* is common in the Bay of Naples, where it is scooped up by the fishermen in bucketfuls. The curious lateral outgrowths are partly respiratory in function, but they can be shed with ease when the creature is alarmed. Because of this ready detachment, they were at one time supposed to be parasites which had attached themselves to the body. This sea-slug swims with its head.



# The World of the Kinema.

## "MAN OF ARAN."

"MAN OF ARAN" comes to the New Gallery with much of its fame already before it, for its unique subject and the romance of its conception have already captured the imagination of a wide public. Mr. R. J. Flaherty, who made the film for Gainsborough, has related how a chance remark by a fellow-traveller fired him, three years ago, with the desire to visit the Aran Islands and to record for the greater world the manner of life of their inhabitants, whose bitter struggle for existence seemed to him to epitomise all the nobler qualities of human courage and resource. These three little tracts of bare rock lie off the west coast of Ireland, swept constantly by a gale, pounded by the mighty Atlantic on all sides. There is no soil in which to sow crops; not a tree, not a shrub, grows naturally; fresh water is scarce, and even the fishing perilous. Yet on the largest of these barren crags, Aran itself, twelve hundred souls exist, and tear a scanty livelihood from the reluctant bosom of their enemy, Nature.

The film selects for its protagonists in this ceaseless strife a handful of typical islanders: "Tiger" King, the slayer of sharks; Maggie Dillane as his wife, and Michael Dillane, his son. All three play what is substantially their own lives before the camera, with a natural ease and unaffectedness which is remarkable. We see the woman humping seaweed, and scratching precious soil from crevices with her bare hands; the boy fishing from a cliff 300 feet above the sea; the man at work on his curragh—the fragile canoe of tarred hide which carries him through terrible seas. There is a shark-fight which, we

which most of the film's artistic value depends, all credit to the director's guiding hand. One simply cannot visualise how many of the shots were photographed at all—the close-ups of the battling shark, towering waves taken within their very shadow, telescopic views of a tiny boat glimpsed in the trough of turbulent seas. Not only was all this done with a camera operated in the old-fashioned way,



"MAN OF ARAN," THE BRITISH FILM AT THE NEW GALLERY: MICHAEL DILLANE, THE ARAN LAD, CASTING HIS LINE FROM THE TOP OF A 300-FT. CLIFF.



THE LEADING TRIO IN "MAN OF ARAN": MAGGIE, "TIGER" KING, AND MICHAEL LOOK BACK AT THE SEA, WHICH HAS DESTROYED THEIR BOAT.

are told, lasted two days and two nights before the quarry was towed finally ashore. The excitement of the kill, with "Tiger" King poised in the bows of the rocking curragh, with his hand-made harpoon raised to strike; then the great shark heaving in its death-throes, to the imminent peril of the crew, is an experience without parallel in its simple authenticity. There are no studio tricks here. Finally comes the storm, with the little craft riding mountainous seas, steering in a channel between waves against which it seems impossible that anything could live, to be dashed to pieces on the rocks as its crew scrambles at the last minute to safety. The closing sequence shows the sea raging over its lost prey, but still master of all.

Narration of this simple story can give only a bare idea of the film, the storm scenes alone of which surpass mere description. It may be objected that Mr. Flaherty has presented only one side of his islanders' life, showing us the hardship without the fellowship and those happier events which must succeed the day's toil; centred on the tribulations of three people, his tale omits the spirit of community upon which so isolated a civilisation must surely depend. We see the family of "Tiger" King fending for themselves, but we do not see them helping others; human courage is not complete without human kindness. Yet it seems ungracious to carp at a sincere work of art, so deserving of praise that it rebukes criticism. The photography alone is beyond all previous essays on similar subjects. The name of the camera-man has been strangely omitted from the titles, though it is his work upon

by hand, but the laboratory-work was itself carried out under the primitive conditions of the island, which the treacherous sea-passage renders far more remote than its thirty miles from the mainland would suggest. To Mr. Flaherty and his staff, therefore, belongs an even greater credit on account of their abnormal technical difficulties. In spite of these, the sound-reproduction is excellent. Dialogue has been reduced to a minimum—a wise move, this, for the brogue of the islands is too rich for our unaccustomed ears—but the incessant roar of the sea, swelling as the gale rises, shattered with each crashing wave, gives

menace to the lowering calm and terror to the storm. It is the voice of the sea, the real hero of the film, bellowing his challenge to man, a not unworthy adversary; who, if dwarfed in majesty, remains undismayed and confident in hope. It is this sense that inspires us as we see "Tiger" King with his little family, watching from the wind-swept cliff the splintered wreckage of their curragh being tossed hither and thither among the foam far beneath their feet. There is fortitude in the set of their lips and a light in their eyes of unquenchable trust.

## FASHIONS IN COMEDY.

The art of Mr. Eddie Cantor is worth £100,000 per film to the United Artists' Corporation. It may not be worth so much next year, and the year after even less. A fashionable commodity commands a big price, and Mr. Cantor's art has that character of being contemporary which makes it supremely valuable. Like a model hat fresh from Paris, like the last word of a popular wit, it must be had at any cost. Mr. Cantor succeeds a long line of film comedians, and has learned a trick from every one. The naive charm of Chaplin, Keaton's aptitude for adversity, the unflinching exuberance of Harold Lloyd—each has contributed to his repertoire; yet the finished product betrays traces only of winsomeness, of wistfulness, of wilfulness. Each is flashed and snuffed in quick succession, the whole being offset by a charming, disarming cynicism. A roll of those naughty black eyes, and he destroys his own illusions and those of his audience; but no matter, for he is off again towards another situation, ludicrous or pathetic, but inevitably to be exploded in its turn; or he will sing a song, or do a



THE ALMOST UNPARALLELED FURY OF THE ELEMENTS OFF THE ARAN ISLANDS: ISLANDERS RESCUING THE REMAINS OF THEIR BOAT.



A STRAW COOP! A FOWL IN STRANGE QUARTERS IN "MAN OF ARAN."

step-dance, as well as the next man. He does them all in "Roman Scandals," at the Leicester Square, and more besides. Substantially the same Cantor who made "Whoopie," who has never failed in three successive "musicals," he is yet the Cantor of the moment. Custom cannot stale his infinite variety, nor criticism pierce the impregnable armour of his own self-abnegation.

Such is not the case with Mr. Al Jolson, who returns to the screen in "Wonder Bar," at the Carlton, to find that times have changed. The public who roared at the unaccustomed tones of "Sonny Boy" coming from a screen hitherto speechless is now more difficult to please. Mr. Jolson has perforce discarded sentiment, and in so doing has lost just that human touch which brought him his early fame. His new rôle as an efficient night-club proprietor is very nearly hard-boiled, and comedy cannot exist on wise-cracks alone, even when aided by powerful vocalism and a chorus of blondes. Once, indeed, does Mr. Jolson get the chance to black his face and bay the moon, and only then is he thoroughly at home, with a break in his voice and both arms raised in supplication to the sky.

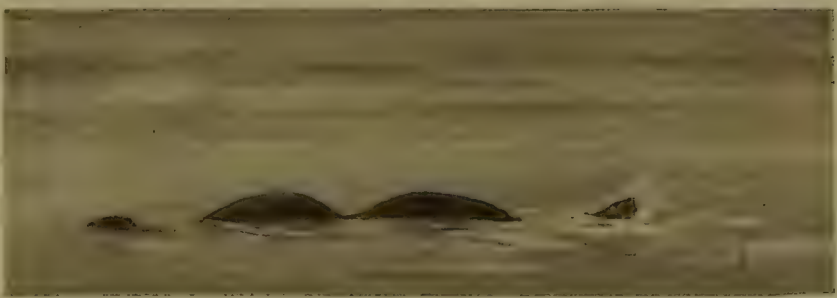
The conclusion we come to is that film comedians wear badly. The specialised Jolson type enjoy a day riotous but brief. Mercurial Cantors hold out longer, tempering their style to the whim of a public whose taste is ever changing, easily satiated, yet difficult to satisfy. It is not to be wondered that they gather their large salaries while they may. B. C. T.



A POSSIBLE CLUE TO THE LOCH NESS "MONSTER" PROVIDED BY A FILM.



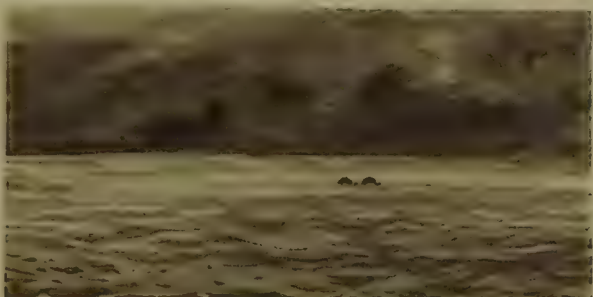
1. A BASKING SHARK IN THE FILM, "MAN OF ARAN," SWIMMING WITH ITS DORSAL FIN AND TAIL ABOVE WATER, AND SHOWING A RESEMBLANCE, EXCEPT FOR THE HUMPS, TO THE DRAWING REPRODUCED IN FIG. 2.



2. THE LOCH NESS "MONSTER"—AS SEEN BY MISS A. SIMPSON: A DRAWING MADE UNDER HER SUPERVISION, AND, EXCEPT FOR THE HUMPS, RESEMBLING THE PHOTOGRAPH OF A BASKING SHARK SHOWN IN FIG. 1.



3. A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE FILM, "MAN OF ARAN," OF DORSAL FIN OF TWO BASKING SHARKS SOMEWHAT LIKE THE LOCH NESS "MONSTER" (AS SEEN BY MISS GOODBODY, WHO GAVE DETAILS FOR THE DRAWING IN FIG. 4), SINCE, IF SEEN FROM AN OBLIQUE ANGLE, THEY WOULD SHOW "TWO HUMPS" AS IN FIG. 4.



4. "TWO HUMPS" IN LOCH NESS, AS SEEN BY MISS JANE GOODBODY ON DECEMBER 30, LAST YEAR: A DRAWING FOR COMPARISON WITH FIG. 3.



5. A SCHOOL OF BASKING SHARKS (FROM THE FILM, "MAN OF ARAN") SHOWING, ACROSS THE TOP, THE FINS OF BASKING SHARKS SWIMMING IN LINE, AFFORDING AN INTERESTING COMPARISON WITH THE DRAWING OF THE LOCH NESS "MONSTER" SEEN IN FIG. 6; AND SHOWING ALSO (AT A AND B) CURVED DORSAL FIN OR TAILS, WHICH, WHEN VIEWED FROM ANOTHER ANGLE, MIGHT APPEAR AS IN THE PHOTOGRAPH (FIG. 7) RECENTLY TAKEN AT LOCH NESS.

IN the new Gainsborough film, "Man of Aran," there is a sequence of pictures showing the activities of basking sharks. As reproduced on this page, they offer striking resemblances to some of the drawings of the Loch Ness "monster" published in "The Illustrated London News" of January 13 last. The large group of sharks seen above contains combinations of fins and tails by which it may be possible to account for several manifestations of the Loch Ness "monster," whether in "a succession of humps" or other forms. What is more, the manner in which the fin appears to flop over, might very well give the appearance of a head at the top of a flexible neck. Finally, the back of a basking shark, appearing for a moment above water, might account for the "body" of the "monster." The basking shark, it may be mentioned, derives its name from its habit of lying motionless, with the tail dorsal-fin and a considerable portion of its back exposed. Several individuals often consort together.



8. A BASKING SHARK PRE-SERVED AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM (NATURAL HISTORY), SHOWING THE DORSAL FIN, TAIL, AND LONG, CURVING BACK.



# "TO THE PLAYHOUSE."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF  
**"THE RESTORATION THEATRE": By MONTAGUE SUMMERS.\***  
 (PUBLISHED BY KEGAN PAUL)

THOSE who wish to derive the fullest entertainment or instruction from this volume will do well to omit its Introduction. The author there permits himself an

how the flats were operated—possibly on grooves, as in the Victorian theatre of comparatively recent times? The flats were of three kinds: "the usual shutters which

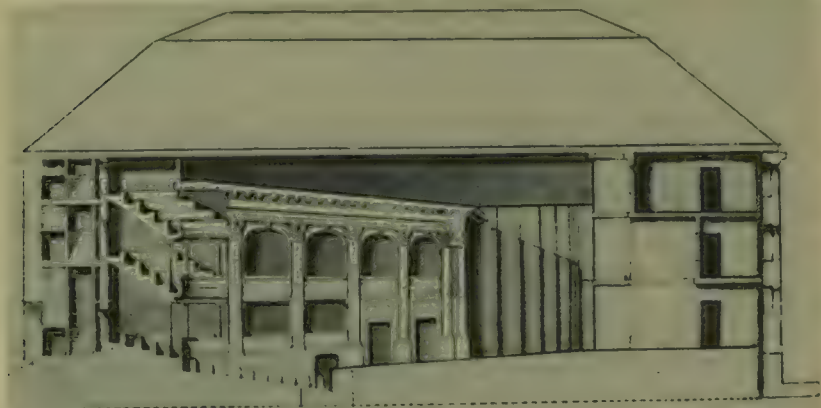
met in the centre, or which ran across the stage; the 'relieves,' or scenes in relief, moulded scenes; and the cut scenes, where some part was cut out to show a distant prospect or perspective extending behind." There is reason to think that considerable skill was attained in the painting and building of scenes; not a few of them represented places in or near London well known to the audience, and they seem to have been designed with considerable verisimilitude. Transparencies were used for special effects, especially moonlight. Drop-scenes, though familiar to the French theatre, did not come into general use on the English stage until after the Restoration period, though there is evidence that they were occasionally used as early as 1690.

The lighting was, of course, by candles, the principal illumination coming from chandeliers hung from the

plausible simulation of reality, which is never mistaken by any grown person for reality itself. Indeed, all drama—and not merely an obviously artificial conception like opera—postulates that the audience will make certain concessions of imagination; those concessions have taken different forms and degrees in different ages, and it is not of great artistic moment how large or how small they are. Modern production has increasingly adopted this principle, and has moved steadily away from the attempt at any actual "illusion" of realism, which is as misconceived as the attempt to paint grapes which the birds will peck at.

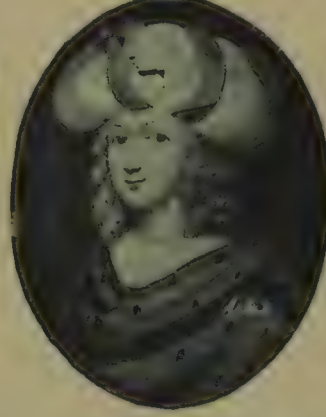
The "front of the house" was a place which, judged by modern standards, seems to have deserved all the animadversions which it drew from persons of decent taste, not necessarily Puritans and "unco" guid." At the very entrance one was, as like as not, cheated by the door-keeper, who in this way compensated himself for the depredations of dishonest and often violent gallants. The pit, which occupied the whole ground floor, was (besides being extremely uncomfortable with its backless benches) frequently a place of uproar and hooliganism. Brawls and bloodshed were common incidents. "Vizard-masks," orange-girls, and predatory women of all kinds plied their trade in every part of the house, and no playhouse was complete without its complement of noisy, drunken blades in search of amorous adventure. Fop Corner, near the stage, was "the hub of all the turmoil and clamour, the wit and the obscenity that passed for wit in the Restoration theatre... a hornets' nest of malice and scandal where the fair-pated beaux and snarling critics clustered and buzzed and stung." On the stage itself (though for a short time under Charles II. this abuse was suppressed) spectators sat and often misbehaved, sometimes seriously impeding the movements of the actors. If the play or the players were not to their taste, the spectators had no hesitation in expressing their displeasure in the most demonstrative manner. No

(Continued on page 716.)



SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN'S SECTIONAL DESIGN FOR THE SECOND THEATRE ROYAL, 1674; SHOWING THE APRON, 17 FT. DEEP, EXTENDING INTO THE AUDITORIUM.

The most striking structural difference between the interiors of Restoration and modern theatres is, undoubtedly, the extension of the old stage beyond the proscenium arch into the body of the auditorium. The original of this design by Wren is in the Library of All Souls College, Oxford.



ANNE QUIN, A FAMOUS ACTRESS OF RESTORATION DAYS: A MINIATURE (CENTRE) WITH TALC OVERLAYS SHOWING HER IN HER FAVOURITE RÔLES.

There are, in all, twenty talc overlays of this miniature. They are in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Reproductions by Courtesy of Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co., Publishers of "The Restoration Theatre."

arrogance of tone and an acrimony of controversy which might deter a fastidious reader from proceeding farther. On any point of dispute, the author maintains this style throughout. Mr. Granville Barker is "utterly and lamentably ignorant of the Restoration theatre" and "delivers himself of a burthen of undiluted nonsense"; Miss Naomi Royde-Smith is in no better case; Mr. St. John Ervine's criticism is that of "an abnormally stupid schoolboy"; the late Mr. William Archer, "unquihle a dull dramatic critic," by venturing to criticise the first programme of the Phoenix Society, made himself "as supremely ridiculous as he was obviously unintelligent and obtuse." These manners are not in the tradition of English scholarship, and they are to be deprecated in any book of serious pretensions, or, indeed, in any book whatever.

Fortunately, not all Mr. Summers's subject-matter is polemical, and his pages, though frequently overloaded with excess of literary illustration, enable us to make an interesting reconstruction of the Restoration theatre. It had at this period become the theatre of the "frame-stage," though with important differences from the frame-stage of to-day. In front of the proscenium was the "apron," which it has been found so convenient to restore in many recent revivals of old plays. Also, below the proscenium were the "stage-doors," the regular and probably the only means of exit and entrance for the performers. Mr. Summers adduces ample evidence in support of his view that there were often two of these doors on each side of the stage. Above each of them was a balcony, frequently employed for the appearance of characters at an upper storey. The curtain, once raised after the prologue had been spoken, remained drawn until the end of the performance, the end of the acts being indicated simply by an empty stage, and often by those "tag" rhyming couplets which are so familiar in Shakespeare. Changes of scene were effected by the "drawing together of two portions of a flat," or by the opening of a flat to reveal a scene behind. Apparently this was done in full view of the audience without any impression of unreality; but it is not clear

proscenium arch. Footlights were also employed, and Mr. Summers emphatically rejects the tradition that they were first introduced by Garrick in 1765. The musicians were perched in a loft or "garret" above the proscenium, which may seem to be an inconvenient place for them, until we remember that they provided only introductory and entr'acte pieces. Music incidental to the action was supplied by bringing musicians, usually fiddlers, upon the stage. The modern position of the orchestra in front of the stage was resorted to only for opera.

The "production" of a play was a curious blend of realism and convention. The machinery for the creation of "effects" was often elaborate and expensive, and large sums were spent upon decoration, especially for opera, in which the audience expected special magnificence. Much, however, of the so-called "realism" was of a crude and horrific kind. "The Elizabethans literally revelled in scenes of death and torture; they demanded the crudest realism; real blood must be used, the blood of sheep or calves, and it must flow in a thick slab stream. Their nerves were strong as whip-cord, and they thoroughly enjoyed an accumulation of horrors which have revolted and sickened later generations. In this respect, there was little to choose between a Restoration and an Elizabethan audience." Many illustrations are given of the blood-and-thunder elements which were evidently dear to the groundlings, and, indeed, they are familiar to all readers of the inferior sort of Restoration drama.

Costume was rich and elaborate, yet strangely conventional. Conspirators, traitors, and murderers were distinguished by black wigs and a gruesome make-up—just as in the melodrama of yesterday villains were heralded by *agitato* music and green limelight. Heroic characters must always appear in "the full tragic equipment of plumed head-gear, full peruke, buskins, and mighty truncheon grasped in the right hand"—a fashion which Addison wittily castigated. There was not the slightest attempt at accuracy of "period" costume, nor did anybody seem to consider it necessary. Some of the accepted conventions seem, to modern taste, strangely naïve—as that a character could make himself invisible by merely placing a patch over his eye. It does not behove us, however, to be too superior about these artificialities. The so-called "illusion" of the theatre is itself an illusion; the utmost "realism" which the stage can achieve is, and ought to be, merely a



A SCENE FROM SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE'S PLAY, "THE COMICAL REVENGE; OR, LOVE IN A TUB": THE CHARACTERS MOCKING DUFOV HELD FAST IN HIS TUB—FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING.

This comedy was first produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1664. The interesting and valuable engraving is taken from an edition of 1715. in the collection of the author of "The Restoration Theatre."

\* "The Restoration Theatre: An Account of the Technique of the Playwrights of Charles II. and the Practical Staging of Plays in the Restoration Theatre." By Montague Summers, Editor of The Nonesuch "Dryden," "Congreve," "Wycherley," etc. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co.; 15s. net.)



## ANIMAL DESIGN IN ANCIENT SIBERIAN ART: LAKE BAIKAL DISCOVERIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY DR. ALFRED SALMONY.



FIG. 1. THE RAM-HEADED HANDLE OF A BRONZE SWORD (23 CM. LONG) FOUND NEAR THE RIVER TULUTAYEVSKAYA; NOW IN TCHITA MUSEUM: THE OLDEST TYPE OF BRONZE AGE WEAPON (C. 500 B.C.).



FIG. 2. A REMARKABLE HEAD, REPRESENTING A WOLF, ON THE END OF A POLE (NOW IN THE MUSEUM AT TCHITA): AN OBJECT OF THE SAME DATE AS THE CLASP SHOWN IN FIG. 6—FRONT VIEW.



FIG. 3. THE SAME WOLF-HEAD (AS IN FIG. 2) IN PROFILE: A WORK COMBINING REALISM WITH STYLISATION, AND SUGGESTING MONGOLIAN DESCENT; THE TEETH AND CLAWS INDICATING A FEROCITY RARE IN ANCIENT SIBERIAN DESIGNS.

IN a note supplied with these photographs, Dr. Alfred Salmony writes: "That traces of ancient culture have been found on the banks of Lake Baikal and adjoining rivers has been known for some time. But it is only recently that the discovery of Palæolithic plastic work at Malta, near Irkutsk, has shown what surprises the soil of this region can still produce (see 'The Illustrated London News' issue March 17, 1934). The objects so far found are in the museums of Irkutsk and Tchita. Very little, however, is known regarding the contents of these museums; anything published is in Russian and purely local. Even Moscow knows little, and Western Europe still less. At Irkutsk, the new University of Siberia has favourable conditions for archaeological

making. The art of the metal age on Lake Baikal is associated with the most important culture of Central Siberia, that of Minusinsk and Yenisei. To that district belongs the sword with a long handle, two projections above a double-edged blade, and a suspension ring on an animal-headed handle—the oldest type of Bronze Age weapon. It must be ascribed to about 500 B.C. A wonderful example occurs in Tchita (Fig. 1). This animal ornament does not represent the very frequent Yenisei elk or deer's head, but that of a ram of astonishing realism. This realism is combined with stylisation in the eye, a union of two opposite artistic methods in one object that is typical of most animal design between the Black Sea and China. At the beginning of our era stylisation pre-

dominates on Lake Baikal. A clasp in the Irkutsk Museum (Fig. 6) consists of two animal figures, one damaged. Probably they represent wolves. Each animal is curled up so that the snout touches the tail and the legs are covered by the body. The claws are represented by a ring. A pole in Tchita Museum (Figs. 2 and 3), of the same period as the clasp, has a head of a wolf. Bronze casing over wooden poles (standards or baldaquin poles) is known to all tribes of the steppe. Again realism and stylisation are combined, the former predominating. The piercing of the eye is like that of the sword (Fig. 1). Teeth and claws indicate a ferocity which ancient Siberian designs usually lack. The representation of a wolf gives a clue to the artists. They must be sought among ancestors of the Turks and Mongols. Even in the T'ang period, Chinese texts record, the Turks decorated military badges with gold wolf-heads. The Mongols of Genghiz Khan's time, says Marco Polo, remembered their fabulous ancestor, the Grey Wolf."



FIG. 4. A FISH IN BLACK STONE FOUND NEAR LAKE BAIKAL, AND NOW IN THE MUSEUM AT IRKUTSK, REPRESENTING A STURGEON WITH TYPICAL GILLS: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM BELOW. (LENGTH, 21 CM.; HERE SHOWN HALF ACTUAL SIZE.)

investigation. Its museum was founded before the big fire in 1873. The University specialises in excavators, and in Russia one speaks of the 'School of Irkutsk.' In Tchita there are no specialists and no protection or care of 'finds.' Already in Neolithic times the Baikal Lake region had its own style of animal designs. Stone fish from Central Siberia are known. But those from sites hitherto discovered on the Angara and the Yenisei always occur in a double form. At Irkutsk, however, is represented

a realistic fish which has holes doubtless indicating the fastening to the net. One photograph (Fig. 4) shows a sturgeon with characteristic gills. Its Neolithic origin seems uncertain, and that applies still more to a bear made of bone in the Irkutsk Museum (Fig. 5). The front legs are missing, probably because the shape of the bone did not permit their



FIG. 5. A BONE BEAR FOUND ON THE ILIM RIVER: A FIGURE WITH THE FORE-LEGS MISSING. (HEIGHT, 4.2 CM.; HERE SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE.)

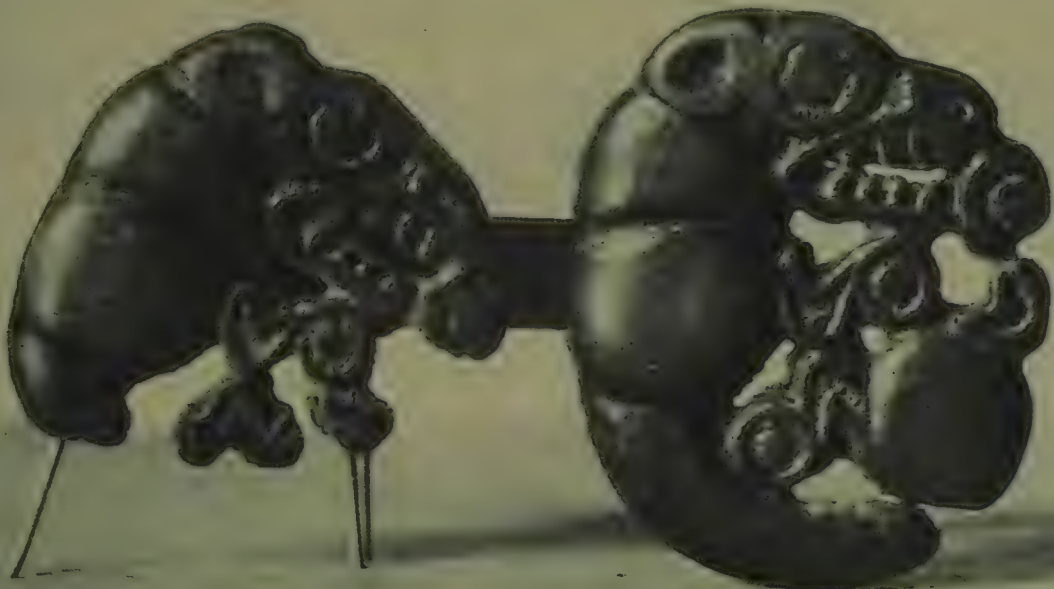


FIG. 6. A BRONZE CLASP (FOUND IN THE VILLAGE OF SHIVA AND NOW IN THE IRKUTSK MUSEUM) FORMED OF TWO ANIMAL FIGURES (ONE DAMAGED), PROBABLY WOLVES, IN A CURLED-UP ATTITUDE: AN EXAMPLE OF STYLISATION IN LAKE BAIKAL ART AT THE BEGINNING OF OUR ERA. (HEIGHT, 7.4 CM.; HERE SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE.)





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. EYES ON THE FAR EAST.

By FRANK DAVIS.

EVERY paper I pick up this week has some such head-line, and for the moment Foreign Secretaries the world over are allowing the problems of troubled Europe to rest quietly in the capable hands of their subordinates. Meanwhile spring comes to Berkeley Square, gently turns the corner into Mount Street, and blossoms with its usual distinction at the Sparks Gallery—in short, it is the month of May and there is another exhibition of Chinese Art. This time it is sponsored by Mr. C. T. Loo, whose house in Paris will be familiar ground to many readers of this page, and consists partly of the collection of a man who has played a leading part in European politics.

There are certain objects of outstanding importance from the point of view of both archaeologist and connoisseur, many whose rarity is as notable as their austere good taste, and others whose purely sculptural qualities are as extraordinary as the curious parallel they afford to personages who, day by day, loom large in modern eyes. There is, for example, a statuette of the T'ang Dynasty with wide-flowing sleeves which brings Lady Macbeth inevitably to mind, and the vigorous Wrestler of Fig. 1 (Glazed pottery; Ming period), whose identity is surely unmistakable. Earlier pottery figures may have greater suavity and a more subtle restraint, but it is impossible to deny to this Ming designer a superb understanding of the human body in violent action. The resemblance to a great personality of our own time is, of course, the oddest of coincidences: it is no idle compliment to suggest that five hundred years ago he found an interpreter worthy of so notable a subject.

With Fig. 4 one is back in time two or three centuries, and in the presence of a vase so perfectly proportioned, decorated so simply, and of so noble a character that one begins to understand the remark that the Sung potters breathed-in beauty from the air about them. It is of the well-known type peculiar to Tz'u Chou, with a grey body carved in low relief, a white slip applied over the raised

A notable example from a T'ang Dynasty tomb is represented by Fig. 3, not the proud, caparisoned animal of certain well-known models, but a less superb beast, off-parade as it were, and eyeing his manger with interest and a certain suspicion, as if he was doubtful about the quality of its contents. The Chinese, especially at this period, can be grave enough in their representation of animals—as "classic" as Mantegna and as dignified as Van Dyck—and then suddenly they will allow their vivid and charming sense of humour to override all other considerations. It is worth pointing out that nearly all later horses, those of the seventeenth and eighteenth century, have something of the whimsicality of this engaging creature: some identify this characteristic with decadence, and argue with no little tedium that great art is incompatible with a sense of fun. Well, this is not great art, but an ingenious and sensitive interpretation of nature, and as such worthy of our respect.

The other illustration on this page is only Chinese by adoption. This very beautiful glass bottle, seen in Fig. 2, is of Near Eastern manufacture of the thirteenth century, and was made expressly for the Chinese market as part of a set for use in a temple. The twin dragons in the cartouche are sufficient evidence of its intended use, and it is extraordinary that it should have survived so many centuries intact.

There is also to be seen here a good example of the opposite tendency. It consists of two fine coral-red bowls placed one above the other and decorated with ormolu mounts in eighteenth-century France. One could easily write a page or two upon the iniquity of gilding lilies and embellishing an already perfect work of art, and then, faced by so remarkable a combination of excellent potting and the art of the European metal-worker, proceed to eat one's words at equal length. I shall do no such thing, but

take leave to point out that when so strange a synthesis of apparent incompatibles is undertaken by a master—that is, by a Paris metal-worker of about the year 1730—the result is a rather frivolous but uncommonly distinguished little pastiche which the most austere critic finds it impossible to condemn.

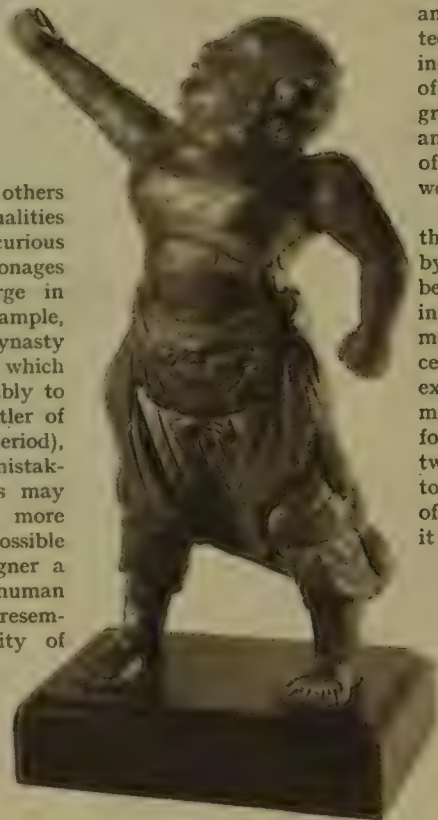
It is carried out in an idiom peculiar to its time and place, and is to be judged by the standards of its own society—which was still the very fount and centre of European culture. It provides a singularly light-hearted butterfly sort of decoration to an exhibition whose main characteristic is great dignity.

Of the later pieces of purely Chinese inspiration certain small semi-egg-shell bowls are likely to be missed, if only because of their extreme delicacy; as, for example, a pair decorated on the outside with three fishes

exquisitely done that the design seems more in the nature of a water-mark than an incision. By way of contrast, a case devoted to the rich, deep, brown-black Temmoku ware (Sung) could scarcely be more effective: one piece at least can be described as of authentic grandeur, a pear-shaped vase with a slender neck and wide mouth decorated with two sprays of leaves in brown on a black ground; and a second is only one degree less impressive—a shallow bowl with straight sides and wide mouth, whose inside is covered with a mottled brown glaze with three flowering sprays painted in a blackish brown.

What one cannot describe is the extraordinary depth and richness of the dark glaze—nor, of course, can it be reproduced in an ordinary photograph; but listen to Ravel's "Pavane pour une Infante Défunte," and you will obtain some idea of the sobriety and strength of these darkly beautiful objects. (By the way, I suppose the Chinese connoisseur would not thank me for the comparison. However, we barbarous Westerners might be allowed to interpret beauty in our own way.)

There are four hundred items in the



1. THE EXHIBITION OF A FINE COLLECTION OF CHINESE ART HELD IN LONDON BY MESSRS. C. T. LOO: A GLAZED POTTERY FIGURE OF A WRESTLER, DATING FROM THE MING PERIOD.

Photographs reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. John Sparks; at whose Galleries the Chinese Exhibition is being held.



2. GLASSWORK OF GREAT BEAUTY AND INTEREST IN THE LOO EXHIBITION: AN ARABIC JAR MADE FOR THE CHINESE MARKET, AND FOUND IN A TEMPLE ON THE ROUTE TO MONGOLIA.

This jar has three medallions, each containing two archaic animals outlined in relief with lapis lazuli pigment, and a red and gold floral design on the ground of yellowish glass.



4. A BALUSTER-SHAPED VASE FROM TZ'U CHOU (SUNG PERIOD): A PIECE HAVING A GREY BODY CARVED IN LOW RELIEF, WITH A WHITE SLIP APPLIED OVER THE RAISED PORTION.



3. A DELIGHTFUL PIECE OF T'ANG WORK: A HORSE, APPARENTLY EYEING ITS MANGER WITH A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF SUSPICION!

portion and the whole covered by a colourless glaze—one of the most satisfying examples of good potting it is possible to imagine, and, as has already been pointed out, rendered doubly fine by its shape.

in *rouge de fer* between sprays of weed in green enamel (late Ming), and another pair of the Kangh'si dynasty whose inner walls are incised with lotus plants and storks under a white glaze—so

catalogue, which makes an adequate review impossible. One must, however, mention the Chun pieces, notably a bulb-bowl moulded in six shaped lobes on three cloud-scroll feet—colour inside bluish grey, outside crushed strawberry mingled with bluish splashes; certain notable examples of early lacquer (Sung period), numerous bronzes, one of which (of the Chou dynasty) is of the highest importance from every point of view; and a great array of jade. Altogether a very notable occasion.



● He said to me — is there any whisky in the house...?



● I said to him — I don't have *any* whisky in the house — only the best, Johnnie Walker...!



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

### "WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?" AT THE PALACE.

THE book and lyrics of this revue are competent enough, but neither as witty nor as original as Mr. Herbert Farjeon's interpolated contributions



HONOURING THE MEMORY OF THE HISTORIAN OF LONDON: A QUILL PEN IN THE HANDS OF JOHN STOW'S EFFIGY.

The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Charles Collett, attended on April 27 a memorial service to John Stow (1525?—1605), the most accurate of English sixteenth-century annalists. The service took place in the church of St. Andrew Under-shaft, in Leadenhall Street, where Stow was buried; and a new quill pen was placed in the hand of the terra-cotta effigy which Elizabeth, Stow's widow, erected there to his memory.

to other revues had led us to anticipate. The first part opened very hesitatingly. The idea of a "Divorce Breakfast" was not very humorously worked out, nor was "Familiar Phrases," in which a feline was allowed to escape from a suit-case to illustrate the phrase "Let the cat out of the bag." Nor can it be said that "French Cricket," with its puns on the term "Maiden Over," rose much above the ingenuity of those touring revues who advertise

"Leg-Theory Blondes." However, Miss Florence Desmond and Mr. Nelson Keys, with some brilliant mimicry, held the revue together. Miss Desmond's imitation of Mae West was excruciatingly funny. The hand of an expert producer was displayed by the introduction of the Diamond Brothers in the finale of the first half. In their usual sphere, the music halls, they are extremely amusing. But here, in the midst of a mildly amusing revue, they made the hit of the evening. Tumblers with a real sense of humour. The second half improved wonderfully. In "Old-Time Variety," Miss Desmond and Mr. Keys proved they could have played the entire bill of a pre-war music hall between them. Then there was "Motor-Bike Mabel," based on a very old smoking-room story, but interesting to see how many different inflections, as an orphan child, Miss Desmond could get into the phrase "I don't know." The all-star breakfast, with Mr. Keys and Miss Desmond, tired of their married faces, impersonating different partners, was a brilliant piece of work.

### "BIOGRAPHY." AT THE GLOBE.

Marion Froude is a second-rate painter who vamps celebrities into sitting for her. She has had a scandalous past (her present age is thirty-five), so that the serialisation of her memoirs strikes the editor of a New York "scandal sheet" as admirable fare for his readers. Her first lover, whom she had completely forgotten, arrives on the scene, and when he learns she proposes to include their episode in her

biography, he fears for his chances of election to Congress. Accordingly, he persuades his prospective father-in-law, an important newspaper proprietor, to threaten the editor with dismissal if he persists in printing the memoirs. Journalistic honour is a very curious thing. Though his paper was beneath contempt, as he himself admitted, the young man violently refused to be intimidated. He falls in love, as was to have been anticipated, with Marion; but self-abnegation is ever a favourite rôle with stage ladies of the boulevards, and she refuses him. An uneven play. Miss Ina Claire, whose last appearance in London was in musical comedy twenty years ago, proved herself a fine actress. Mr. Laurence Olivier played the rôle of the insubordinate editor with immense fire.



"SCOTLAND CALLING": AN EXHIBITION TO ENCOURAGE TRAVEL TO SCOTLAND OPENED BY SIR GODFREY COLLINS (RIGHT CENTRE); WITH THE DUKE OF MONTROSE (RIGHT).

An exhibition arranged by the Scottish Travel Association was opened at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, on April 27 by Sir Godfrey Collins, Secretary of State for Scotland. The exhibition contains a great deal of information and encouragement to those contemplating a holiday in Scotland. Sir Godfrey called attention to the natural beauty of the country.

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# HEALTH AND BEAUTY

708—THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS—MAY 5, 1934

## "Shorts" are Different.

TIME softens everything—a fact that is forcibly brought home to all who make a study of fashion. Several seasons ago a few women adopted shorts: they were really terrible affairs. Now they are robbed of all their extravagances and are becoming and practical; indeed, the division is seldom noticeable. They are certainly to be recommended for games that demand strenuous exercise. They are frequently seen in conjunction with swimmers, although the wearers have no intention of entering the water. A smock cut on the lines of a child's romper has appeared, and promises to meet with great success; it is made of white and beige pique.

## Concerning Stockings.

AFTER the war many women considered that it would be an admirable thing to discard corsets. Some of the extremists did so, but this whim did not last long, as the figure suffered. The "no-stocking crusade," shall I call it, was in full swing last summer: it is to be hoped it will be abandoned in the near future. Creams should, of course, be used to camouflage too pronounced blemishes of the legs, and the nails may be painted; but let these aids to beauty be misted with silk stockings, otherwise it will be found that the calves will sag—not much at first, but presently. . . . The result must be left to the imagination! Furthermore, the ankles will lose their shape, and will be inclined to annex superfluous tissue. It is not generally realised the amount of support that even the finest silk stocking gives—also the protection from the bites of midges.

## Fashions in Fruit.

IT is our Colonies that have created the vogue for eating fruit, as throughout the year we may eat the fruit that has ripened in all parts of the British Empire. During the winter months South Africa sends us the very best of her grapes, peaches, plums, apricots, and pineapples. It is well worth remembering, when we eat or drink the juice of oranges which come from South Africa, that the orange-growers in that country pledged themselves to buy on every possible occasion, from the products of their sales in the United Kingdom markets, goods from within the Empire. The high seas are busy with great ships plying to and fro (almost like London buses), bringing fruit to the Mother Country. Oranges, apples, and grape-fruit also come to us from Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, and Canada.

*This year South Africa, in the first four months, sent us about a million more boxes of fruit than she did last year, which was a record one for her consignments. Now she is forwarding golden oranges, of the very finest quality. The fruit pictured comes from Harrods, Knightsbridge. Fashions in dietary vary, and to-day it must be health-giving; hence fruit and vegetables are all-important items.*



*Health and beauty go hand in hand, and Elizabeth Arden (25, Old Bond Street) is among the pioneers in declaring that no one can be beautiful unless she be healthy. There are her Cleansing and Velva Creams for cleansing and feeding, and the Skin Tonic for refreshing. Her Eye Lotion (4s. 6d. per bottle) is on a plane apart. It is used by men as well as women all the world over; indeed, by all whose eyes are subject to strain, including pilots on the great air-liners, keen sportsmen, motorists, and travellers in general.*

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MOLINARD JEUNE, a firm that was established in Grasse in 1849, has opened a salon at 52, Brook Street, where their perfumes are presented in Lalique and cut-glass bottles. "Habanita," the latest production, is a perfume which varies its note with each user, giving complete exclusiveness. For men there is "Razoline," a shaving cream with which no soap, brush, or water is required. The effect of "Razoline," apart from giving a pleasantly smooth shave, is to leave the skin in a non-irritated and cool condition.







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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

THE 30-m.p.h. speed limit sought to be imposed on motor vehicles driven in "lighted areas" by the new Road Traffic Bill has brought to public notice that, of the 177,347 miles of public streets and roads in Great Britain, 41,640 miles—i.e., twenty-three per cent. of the total—are situated in the areas of urban authorities. How high a proportion of these 41,640 miles is lighted by the local councils is not available at the moment, according to a statement made by the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport. But these figures do convey some idea of the large area which may come under this proposed speed limit. If speed

limits were a sure cure for accidents, motorists would be the first to welcome them on the Statute Book. But, unfortunately, it is speed misplaced which causes accidents, and the rate can be 5 m.p.h., 50 m.p.h., or any speed between such limits. Therefore, by arbitrarily making "lighted areas" 30 m.p.h., the proposal only makes an excuse for those who have accidents at this pace when the circumstances and common sense should have kept the speed down to a much lower rate.

I was present on an occasion when the Minister of Transport himself admitted that this speed limit

for populous and inhabited urban areas was purely an experiment, in the hope that it would lessen the number of fatalities and serious accidents in such districts. If it did not, he continued, this limit would be repealed and other measures tried to produce greater safety on the roads. Motorists can only hope that they may not be victimised by the suggested new speed limit, as they were in the past by the 20 m.p.h. Fortunately, since the police themselves have been provided with motor vehicles, a number of them are gaining practical road-sense, which I hope they will apply to cases, should any of them be placed on the "trapping" of motorists for exceeding that limit of 30 m.p.h. in "lighted" areas. There are many occasions when a sharp acceleration is better



A VAUXHALL "LIGHT SIX" DE LUXE SALOON PHOTOGRAPHED AT ASCOT: AN ATTRACTIVE CAR IN A PLEASANT COUNTRY SETTING.



A SPEEDY AND POPULAR MODEL: A DRAWING OF THE FORD "V 8" COUPÉ DE LUXE.

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than violent braking to avoid an accident. But, should that happen in a "measured distance," it ought to be considered a safety measure and not a misdemeanour by an intelligent officer knowing the road and the circumstances.

Mr. John Cobb and his fellow-drivers, Messrs. Freddie Dixon, Cyril Paul, and Charles Brackenbury, are to be congratulated on having regained the twelve hours' world's record (subject to confirmation by the International Committee) at 121.19 m.p.h. from the U.S.A., and commiserated with in the accident which lost them the coveted twenty-four hours' world's record when almost in sight of success. However, the special Napier-Railton car created new speed world records for 1000 kilometres at 122.82 m.p.h.; for six hours at 123.01 m.p.h.; twelve hours at

[Continued overleaf.]





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(Continued.)

121.19 m.p.h.; 3000 kilometres at 120.71 m.p.h.; and 2000 miles at 120.71 m.p.h. They also rank as International Class A records (over 8000 c.c.), and, in addition, the car gained the class records for 1000



THE CHAIRMAN OF THE B.S.A. AND DAIMLER COMPANIES ON HIS WAY TO AMERICA: SIR ALEXANDER ROGER, WITH HIS WIFE AND TWO SONS, AT WATERLOO.

Sir Alexander Roger has left England on the "Aquitania" for a visit to America. Gottlieb Daimler, the founder of the Daimler Company, of which Sir Alexander is Chairman, was born in 1834, and his centenary has recently been celebrated in Germany.

miles at 121.51 m.p.h. and 2000 kilometres at 121.54 m.p.h.

Rain balked victory in gaining the twenty-four hours' record, as it made it very difficult to keep up to the 120-m.p.h. schedule, and 4½ hours before the end of the run Dixon skidded off the west banking of the Monthéry track, fought the skid all the way to the east banking, but, the skid continuing, crashed the car on to the retaining wall, pushing two wheels over the edge, came back again, and careered down the track into the grass field, remaining on all four wheels as it fell into the ditch. Dixon, the driver at the time, was not even scratched. Is it not wonderful how he escaped being hurt at such a speed, as the

car itself was considerably damaged and had to be hauled out of the ditch by a caterpillar tractor?

Visits to various motor and accessory-making works have been the chief attractions in the automobile world during the past few weeks. The Ford Company started this by inviting some 200-odd guests—dealers, private users, and Pressmen—with their families to take a trip on the motor-engined *New Dagenham* pleasure boat (now running daily, except Saturdays and Sundays, from Westminster Pier to Dagenham) to the Ford works on April 5. It was a beautiful sunny day, and the trip down and up the Thames was very pleasant. Also, the luncheon and tea on board were excellent. It is no mean feat to cater for over 200 persons and find no grumblers.

I also had the pleasure of inspecting one of the cargo steamers which had arrived at the Dagenham Quay from Canada that morning, loaded with the new Ford "V-8" cylinder cars. These cars are sent ready to run off the boat, being only sheeted and not boxed, as

is the usual way in sending cars by ship. Consequently, the Ford organisation started to unload these cars, fit batteries on them from the works, fill up with oil and petrol—all jobs done on the quay—and then drive them to the factory near by to have a final general overhaul before despatching them to their customers. In the meanwhile, the factory itself

was turning out 8-h.p. and 14-h.p. Ford cars and Ford trucks at the rate of about fifty per day.

Messrs. Joseph Lucas and Co., Ltd., the makers of accessories, lighting equipment, and various gadgets found on most of the British cars, also held a festival to celebrate their centenary in business, and invited a large party to inspect the works at Birmingham and take part in a golf tournament on the following day. Then the members, associate members, and students of the Institution of Automobile Engineers paid a visit to the Cricklewood factory of S. Smith and Sons (M.A.), Ltd., to see how speedometers, clocks, and timing appliances were made, with the latest types of precision automatics and lathes turning out parts of almost microscopic size.



THE PRINCE OF WALES DRIVING-OFF FROM THE FIRST TEE OF THE OLD COURSE AT ST. ANDREWS IN THE ARMY GOLF CHALLENGE CUP: AN INCIDENT OF THE MATCH BETWEEN THE WELSH GUARDS AND THE GRENADIER GUARDS.

In the Army Golfing Society's meeting at St. Andrews recently, the Prince of Wales, who holds the rank of Lieutenant-General, played for the Welsh Guards against the Grenadier Guards (second team) in the second round of the tournament for the Army Golf Challenge Cup. The Grenadier Guards won. The Prince had a close match with Lieut. R. H. Bushman, starting with a fine 4, but was eventually beaten by two holes.

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The Sixteen Carlton Saloon

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## NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

## THE ITALIAN LAKES.

THERE is no district in Italy more delightful for a summer holiday than that of the lakes. It has been customary to regard the Italian lakes

Bogliaco. Of these, Gardone is the largest and the most important, commanding as it does the whole of that delightful sheltered district known as the Lake Garda Riviera, which lies about half-way along the western shore of the lake and includes the lovely Bay of Salo. Here are hotels in plenty, many with beautiful lake-side gardens, and all of the larger ones with well-arranged programmes of amusement; and at Bogliaco near by, and to which there is a special service, there is a golf-course. Salo is an interesting spot, with a glorious view—across to Monte Baldo; Fasano, with its pretty villas, set in lovely gardens, is very attractive; and Maderno and Bogliaco are quiet, restful retreats.

Maggiore, Italy's next largest lake, and the northern end of which lies in Switzerland, has beauties of nature in which one can revel, and several little lake-side towns with an interesting history. Of its many resorts, Stresa, the largest and the best known, has a good summer climate, and its ideal situation, with a beautiful view across the lake of the famed Borromean Islands, and beyond these to Pallanza, and its background of wooded hills and mountains, make

it very popular. It has other advantages—its nearness to Monte Mottarone, up which there is a funicular, a golf-course, and Casino, with splendid facilities for sailing, boating, and tennis, a bathing beach with very up-to-date equipment, and hotels of all grades, among which are some of the finest in Italy. Baveno, another charming summer resort, two miles distant, is much smaller, pleasant, and very peaceful.

Como, loveliest of the lakes, with its rocky cliffs wooded to the edge, hill-sides clothed with vines, and groves of olive and chestnut, romantic lake-side villages, its island jewel of Comacina, and most picturesque headland of Balbianello, has several resorts which make an appeal to the summer visitor—Bellagio, Menaggio, Cadenabbia, Cernobbio, and Tremezzo. Bellagio is very beautiful, though undeniably warm in summer time; but then it has a "lido," where one soon cools down, and it is just the place for every kind of water sport. Menaggio and Cadenabbia add the attractions of a golf-course to their scenic charm, likewise Cernobbio, and all three, like Bellagio, have excellent hotels.

Then there are the little-known lakes of Orta, Iseo, and Varese, where one may spend a quiet holiday off the beaten track and amid lovely scenery. Orta has trout streams near by, and a hill bird-sanctuary famed for the song of its nightingales; Iseo, marvellous mountain views; and Varese, luxuriant fields and woods: all the Italian lakes are beautiful.



LAKE COMO: A VIEW SHOWING TREMEZZO, AND THE ISLAND OF COMACINA, ONCE OWNED BY THE LATE KING OF THE BELGIANS AND GIVEN BY HIM TO THE ITALIAN NATION.

Photograph by Enit.

as definitely attached to the spring and autumn seasons, but the fact is that the lakes, most of them, are so extensive, and are so situated, that they have resorts for all of the seasons of the year, and there are certainly many which are at their best in the summer time. Garda, the largest and most magnificent of the lakes, partly set right amongst the mountains, and with rugged cliffs rising high above the water's edge, but with a gentle shore, meadow-fringed, and with olive groves at its western end, has several resorts with an agreeable summer climate—Gardone, Salo, Fasano, Maderno, and



LAKE GARDA: A VIEW SHOWING THE RECENTLY-CONSTRUCTED ROAD THROUGH THE ROCKY CLIFFS BY THE LAKE-SIDE.

In the distance is Riva-Torbole, at the northern end of the lake.—[Photograph by Enit.]



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| Rabat . . . . .             | 13     | "             | 56 10 0 | "      |          |
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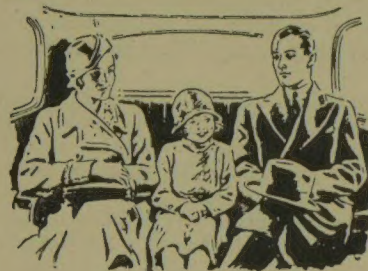
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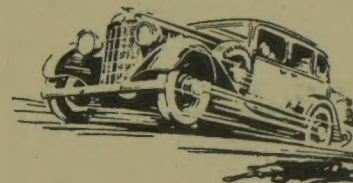
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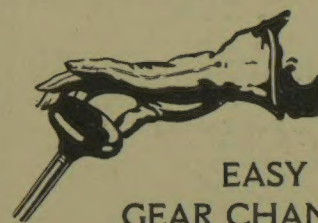
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## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

### THE OPENING OF THE OPERA SEASON.

COVENT GARDEN seemed more crowded than I have ever known it to be last Monday night, at the opening of the grand opera season, when "Fidelio," Beethoven's only opera, was produced for the first time for years. The cast was a magnificent one; there was not a weak spot anywhere, and the orchestra, under Sir Thomas Beecham, played superbly. Usually, on the first night of the season, the orchestra is not at its best; possibly through the strain of rehearsing so many operas in such a short period; but on this occasion there was no sign of strain, and the buoyancy and freshness of the playing was remarkable.

"Fidelio," though it has never been as popular as some other operas, has often been called the greatest of operas because it rises to such dramatic heights and to such idealistic beauty at its finest moments. On Monday the prison scene in the second act was wonderfully thrilling; so thrilling, indeed, that the Leonora No. 3 overture, which was played during the transition to the next scene, was almost an anticlimax. I think this was due, however, to the fact that part of the audience was not prepared for it, and did not recognise the opening bars of the Leonora No. 3 overture, and had to be hushed into silence.

If there is an adequate Leonora, the honours of the performance always go to her, and Lotte Lehmann was more than adequate. This is one of her most famous parts, and she combines a lyrical feminine tenderness with remarkable dramatic power. It is on Leonora's complete realisation of the idealistic character of the part that "Fidelio" depends for its artistic validity, and in this respect Lotte Lehmann is all that could be desired.

The tenor, Franz Völker, is new to London, but he proved to have a very agreeable voice and to be an attractive artist. Alexander Kipnis, who took the part of the gaoler, Rocco, is a well-known favourite at Covent Garden, and he acted and sang well. Alfred Jerger, another newcomer, was an extremely powerful and sinister Don Pizarro, and Herbert Jannsen was an excellent Don Fernando. The Jacquino of Erich Zimmermann and the Marcellina of Erna Berger were also well done, so that the cast was one of exceptional all-round excellence.

The sets were good and the lighting, with the use of the cyclorama, a great improvement on previous years' productions. The famous prisoners' choruses were splendidly sung; here, too, was a marked improvement on the performances in previous productions at Covent Garden. Altogether, the performance was a very fine one, and Sir Thomas Beecham deserves to be heartily congratulated. The season could not have had a better start.

W. J. TURNER.

### "THE RESTORATION THEATRE."

(Continued from Page 702.)

doubt it is possible to exaggerate these features of the Restoration theatre, for we hear of them largely from satirists and declared opponents of the theatre; and we know from Pepys—if there were no other source of information—that it must have been possible to see and hear plays without intolerable inconvenience. Yet, when all deductions are made, it is difficult to understand how drama could maintain itself at all in such circumstances.

It succeeded in doing so; but at a price. Literary curiosity about Restoration plays, as a phase in the general history of the English theatre, should not blind us to the average quality of Restoration drama. There is a frame of

mind which exalts any composition to literary importance merely because it is a few hundred years old, and is expressed in language different from that of the present day. Anti-quarian interest, however, cannot compensate for the intrinsic sterility of the Restoration theatre, considered as a whole. The plain truth is that the greater part of what it produced was artificial, coarse, shallow, and lacking in any true artistic impulse; and posterity has rightly consigned it to oblivion. At its best, it had brilliant wit, shrewd, cynical observation of character and manners, and, in the hands of lords of language like Dryden, a great fund of sonorous rhetoric; at its worst, it sounded abysses of specious art, though with all its vices it probably never sank as low as the worst banalities of the mid-nineteenth century. As this book shows, it provides an extensive field of literary research, though not in the same degree of literary achievement.

C. K. A.

All who are interested in the progress of art in this country, whether it be applied or high art, will find much that is worthy of their study in that very useful annual "The Year's Art" (1934), published by Hutchinson at 15s. net. It is comprehensive, and among the special sections will be found an illustrated article on "The Past Year," by A. C. R. Carter; and articles on State Aid to Art, the National Museums and Galleries, the British Institute of Industrial Art, and Metropolitan Galleries and Exhibitions. There are sections dealing with Art in the English Counties and throughout the countries of the Empire, as well as in the U.S.A. There are lists of the art sales of 1933, the chief pictures sold at auction since 1879, bequests and gifts to art during 1933, and of the fine art dealers, home and abroad. Finally, there is a complete Directory of Artists and Art Workers. Though the features of the book here mentioned represent by no means all the subjects covered, we feel we have said sufficient to our readers to justify our high opinion of this admirable volume.

## Folks Who Always Feel Tired

Should Be Suspicious of Auto-Intoxication.

A persistent tired feeling accompanied by drowsiness, dull headaches, and a general lack of interest in life in general, is one of the surest signs of a state of self-poisoning. Intestines becoming sluggish, allow the waste matter to accumulate. Putrefaction sets in, which breeds toxins that are absorbed by the blood stream and carried to every part of the body to steal your strength and vitality, lower your resistance, and make you chronically weak, tired and listless.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the

action of both the water and the lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastrointestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference it makes when one is internally clean.

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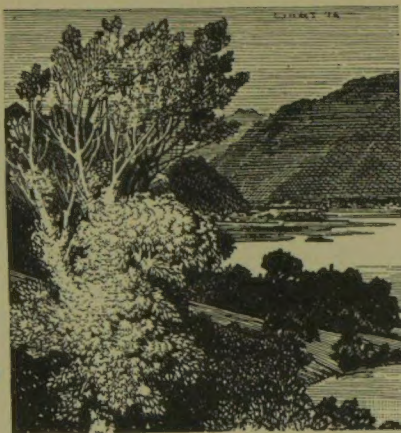
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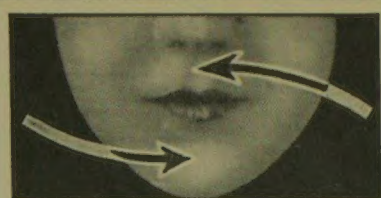
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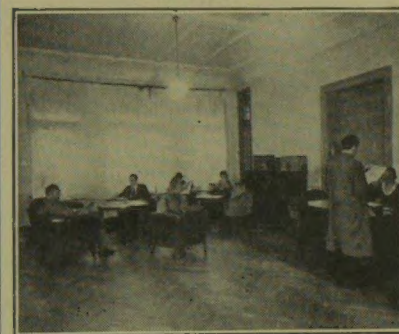
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*Sir Edward:* "Bad luck or carelessness?"

*Freddy:* "Little of each, I suppose. However, that wasn't so serious. I met Bob and borrowed a century from him."

*Sir Edward:* "A hundred to the bad before the first race."

*Freddy:* "Yes; then the trouble started. Got a good tip a few minutes before the 'Off,' dashed to the 'Tote,' found hundreds more, all trying to get on at the last moment; had a real scrimmage to get my tickets."

*Sir Edward:* "Most unpleasant. Did you back the winner?"

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*Sir Edward:* "Been sitting here, doing in comfort exactly what you've been trying to do—back winners at 'Tote' prices. What's more, I've succeeded in backing four."

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